



No. 571.—VOL. XLIV.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6, 1904.

SIXPENCE.



MR. BEERBOHM TREE AS ZAKKURI IN "THE DARLING OF THE GODS," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

*Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*



The Sketch Office,  
Monday, Jan. 4.

THE same to you, kindly reader. May we have many a cheerful Wednesday together during the coming year, and may you, when 1905 dawns, regard our mutual friend, Miss *Sketch*, with continued feelings of affection. I would warn you, by the way, that she means to take full advantage of her privileges during this present year of grace. She has always, as you know, been something of a coquette, now pleading with you, then scolding you, and, anon, laughing at you. Leap Year, let me tell you, finds her in a still more roguish, confident mood. Assured of her charms—it is your own fault, you old flatterer!—she means to woo you in real earnest, tantalising you with a hundred captivating airs, charming you with a thousand pretty graces. Do you feel depressed, she will cheer you; do you feel merry, she will caper for you; do you feel sentimental, she will lisp of love. It would be neither gallant nor diplomatic of me to reveal any confidences, but I may just hint, perhaps, that she has more than one surprise in store for you before she brings this Leap Year siege to a triumphant conclusion. In addition to those trusted allies, moreover, who have so ably wielded their pens and pencils in her behalf during past years, I understand that she has enlisted several recruits of exceptional promise. Frankly, then, I am inclined to think that she will win.

Every bachelor, I suppose, will admit to a slight tremor at the mention of Leap Year. For my own part, I candidly acknowledge that the possibility of receiving a proposal absolutely unnerves me. I imagine the scene in my waking hours, and enact it in my dreams. We are sitting, almost invariably, in a conservatory. The time is after dinner, and I am intoxicated—with the perfume of exotics. She, I may mention, is strangely beautiful. Diamonds gleam in her dark hair, and about her slender neck is clasped a string of priceless pearls.

"You are tired," she murmurs, fanning me gently, as I sink back among the frightfully expensive cushions.

"Not at all," I protest.

"I'm afraid you have danced too much," she continues.

"Much," I echo.

"Let us sit out the next seven," she suggests.

I laugh softly, look round the conservatory, glance into her eyes for a second, and then turn away with a blush.

She leans forward. "I am glad we are alone," she says.

I take out my handkerchief and dust my pumps nervously.

"There is something I want to——"

"Drink?" I interrupt quickly.

"Don't!" There is a suggestion of nausea in her tone.

I beg her pardon, and light a cigarette.

"Something I want to ask you," she goes on. "May I?"

"Anything but a riddle."

The fan stops. She is screwing up her courage. I offer her a cigarette. She takes it, strikes a match on the sole of her shoe, and begins to smoke feverishly. The strains of a sickly waltz come floating from the ball-room. The click of billiard-balls comes from the billiard-room. The ring of coins comes from the card-room. The hissing of syphons comes from the smoking-room. The tinkle of a piano comes from the drawing-room. The jingling of cabs comes from the street.

"How peaceful it is to-night," I quote.

She throws away the cigarette. I replace it in my case.

"And yet my heart is in a strange turmoil," she replies. "I have come to the parting of the ways."

"What are you reading?" I ask, innocently.

"Do not laugh at me. I am in earnest. I am in love. Cannot you guess the——?"

"Riddles are barred," I remind her.

"This is no riddle. And yet, in a sense, it is."

"There you are, then!"

"Stay! Hear me out. I may seem presumptuous——"

"Don't mention it."

"——I may even seem unmaidenly——"

I glance at her with apprehension. "When?" I falter.

"Now. Yet I entreat you to be patient."

She lays aside her fan, and I prepare for a desperate struggle. At that moment, fourteen people rush into the conservatory. They all look furious. Seven of them are ladies, and seven of them gentlemen. They do not behave as such.

"Rascal!" the ladies exclaim, pouncing upon me. "What do you mean by cutting our dances?"

"Too bad of you!" the gentlemen protest, eyeing my friend wildly.

We rise. I smooth my hair.

"Ladies and gentlemen," says my companion, her eye flashing, "I have news for you. This noble fellow has consented to marry me!"

A black mist rises before my eyes.

I sway, totter, and fall senseless. Before I reach the floor, however, I wake up.

The current number of the *Spectator* contains an interesting disquisition on "tipping." The writer estimates that "at least a million pounds in small sums of silver changes hands every year in the form of money gifts, practically speaking, on one day." He believes, moreover, that "in most-cases such gifts are given cheerfully, and that the giving of them works in a general sense towards the sweetening of the lives both of giver and receiver." Let us consider the matter. A lady alights from a cab in a side-street and gives the man eighteen-pence. His legal fare is a shilling. The man roughly demands more, whereupon the lady hands him another sixpence. The cabby drives off to the nearest public-house, and the lady, still trembling a little, hurries into the house. Can it be said that the lives of either are sweetened by the occurrence? Even supposing, for the sake of argument, that the cabman orders gin, it is more than likely that he will ask for the "unsweetened" variety. And this kind of tipping is not confined to Christmas; it goes on every day and all day, from one end of the year to another. But the writer in the *Spectator* is evidently an illogical fellow; his very article is headed "'Meanness' in Giving."

It was only a few weeks ago that I chronicled, in this place, the death of Henry Seton Merriman. I imagined him, I remember, as a man who feared nothing either in this life or the next. The description would apply equally well to George Gissing, whose sad little life-drama played itself out during the closing days of the old year. In Gissing's last and greatest work, "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," there is a beautiful chapter on Death. "I always turn out of my way," he writes, "to walk through a country churchyard; these rural resting-places are as attractive to me as a town cemetery is repugnant. I read the names upon the stones, and find a deep solace in thinking that for all these the fret and the fear of life are over. There comes to me no touch of sadness; whether it be a little child or an aged man, I have the same sense of happy accomplishment; the end having come, and with it the eternal peace, what matter if it came late or soon? There is no such gratulation as *Hic jacet*. There is no such dignity as that of death." In these sentiments, so simple, so honest, the world of letters must find consolation. "The dead," he adds, "amid this leafy silence, seem to whisper encouragement to him whose fate yet lingers."

THE LAST OF 1903 IN LONDON.



## THE CLUBMAN.

*Who Won Waterloo?—The Duke on the British Private—The Yellow Man in the Transvaal—Japan and Russia.*

IT was curious to find in the last days of the dying year men in the Clubs talking all of war, for, when the crisis in the Far East was not in their mouths, they were discussing, half-laughingly, it is true, the claims of the Prussians and Hanoverians to have been the saviours of the British at Waterloo. We must be in a very touchy state indeed when a War Lord talking to his regiments and exaggerating their deeds makes us feel warm. I found one aged warrior in a Club library on New Year's night steadily ploughing through the Great Duke's despatches to assure himself, as he said, that the Kaiser's speech was all bunkum.

The Hanoverians and the Prussians have not always been in accord, and Waterloo was a battle which showed them fighting shoulder to shoulder. That they together saved the British was a picturesque touch which such a fine artist in words as the German Emperor is could not resist. The Great Duke gave his full share of the glory to Blücher, and Blücher never minimised the magnificent stand made by the British. The only person I have heard of who claimed all the honour at Waterloo was the immortal Bill Adams of the recitation.

I like immensely the story Thomas Creevy tells of one of the soldiers in our infantry regiments wandering about the Park in Brussels, in the days just preceding the great battle, and staring at the statues. "It all depends on that article," said the Duke, who was watching the man, "whether we do the business or not. Give me enough of it and I am sure." That is a sentence which the men in the barrack-rooms will like. It showed that the Duke thought that, if there was to be any saving, the British private of the Line was the man to do it. As an old Harrow boy, the saying of the Duke that the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton has always annoyed me, and I am rather glad to find that he really thought it had been won on the barrack-square.

Though Thomas Atkins, and not Bill Adams, no doubt won the Battle of Waterloo, Fritz, plodding through the mud, made the victory a certainty. When I have visited the field of Waterloo, I have generally done more than stand on the rising ground and look over the field, or drive out to Quatre Bras. There is a little railway now which curls about through the valleys by which the Prussians brought their guns to the field of battle, and to see the country tracks after rain is to gain some idea of the enormous difficulties which Blücher encountered. The horses were dead-beat, the wheels of the guns were encumbered with the matted straw of the wheat, in every dip was a morass; but

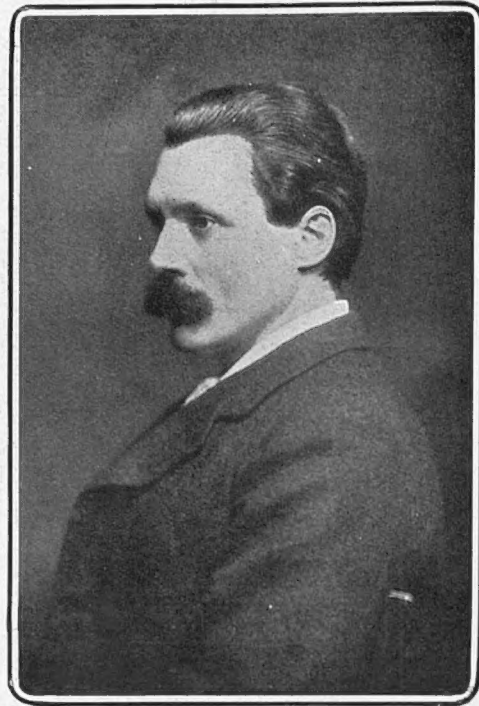


"THE GOLDEN PRINCESS AND THE ELEPHANT HUNTERS," AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME: MR. HAL FORDE AS THE DUKE OF BRUM.

*Photograph by Campbell and Gray, Cheapside.*

Blücher had promised to come to Wellington's aid, and he put his own unconquerable spirit into his men. "I think Blücher and I can do the business," the Great Duke had said, and he was right. Each did his allotted work, and there was no talk of saving one or the other after the battle.

The New Year opened with the gloom of the Chicago catastrophe darkening it, and the only gleam of consolation which I could find on New Year's morning was an announcement that laws giving privileges to prisoners and debtors had come into force. It was consoling to find that, if the worst came to the worst, one would still have privileges. An excellent law which comes into being with 1904 is one which permits Town and County Councils to acquire land for military purposes, those purposes being the laying-out of rifle-ranges. If England takes kindly to Rifle Clubs, and if the ordinary citizen becomes a good rifle-shot without compulsion, he will have a very good argument to advance against the necessity of conscription.



THE LATE MR. GEORGE GISSING.

(SEE "MOTLEY NOTES.")

*Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.*

Whether the Chinaman in the Transvaal will be a blessing or not I have not the least idea, but if he comes there I have not the least doubt that he will be kept as rigorously apart from the white population as the Kaffirs were in old days, and probably still are, from the Europeans at Kimberley and the other diamond-mines. The natives who came in from up-country to break down the blue clay were as strictly separated from the rest of the community as though they were in gaol from the day they came to the mines until the day they left, and, if this could be done, and done without any difficulty, in the case of black men, the less severe control which would be kept over the yellow man should present no obstacle. I fancy that, in the early days under our rule of the Malay States, the Chinese who came there to mine for tin always went back to China when they had made the small fortune which contents a Chinaman.

If war should, unfortunately, break out between Japan and Russia, the first moves of the two navies will be very much like a game of chess. The Russian naval force, rather weaker than the force to be brought against it, will be at or near Port Arthur. The Japanese divisions will probably concentrate in the Korean Straits and give battle to the Russians if they take the open sea or watch them if they lie at Port Arthur. It is a pretty problem on paper, and it will be an intensely interesting one in real warfare to see whether the Russian Commander will know when his chance comes and will be able to use it.

## LADY COLIN CAMPBELL'S NEW BOOK.

Lady Colin Campbell was one of Mr. Edmund Yates's discoveries, and in a pathetic little note she expresses her regret that he is no longer alive to accept the dedication of these collected papers, "A Woman's Walks" (Nash). They were his idea, begun in the *World* as far back as 1889, but Mr. Yates's genius as an editor was really shown in his selection of Lady Colin to carry the idea out. An ordinary editor would have chosen an ordinary descriptive writer, and the result would have been ordinarily readable but in no sense worth republishing. As it is, these "Studies in Colour Abroad and at Home," as the sub-title aptly calls them, have that indefinable note of distinction which makes them delightful to every cultivated reader long after the paper in which they originally appeared has been thrown aside. Lady Colin possesses in an extraordinary degree the seeing eye combined with *le mot juste*. It seems to make no difference whether she is in Venice or at a Salvation Army meeting, in the hospice of St. Bernard or poised in mid-air in the great signal-box at Charing Cross, at Salzburg or simply driving through Surrey lanes—the things seen are presented with an intelligent sympathy and breadth of view which Lady Colin must forgive us for calling masculine. The style is smooth, yet vigorous and animated; the reader might easily fancy that he was listening to the easy flow of a born conversationalist. There is a charming portrait of Lady Colin reproduced in colours from a drawing by Percy Anderson.

"THE GOLDEN PRINCESS AND THE ELEPHANT HUNTERS,"

AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

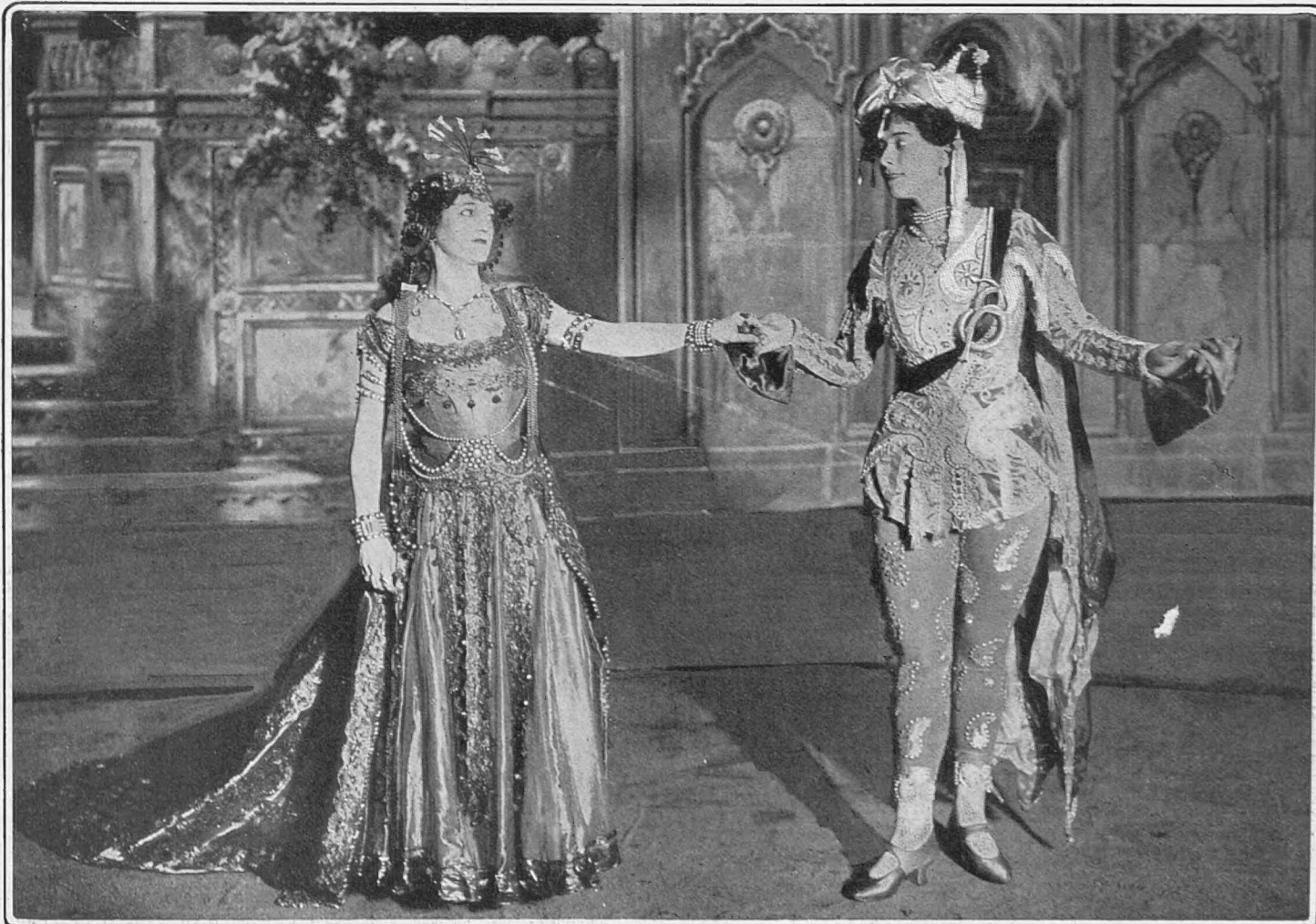


The Royal Physicians (Leonard and François).

Ma-in-Law (Miss Martha).

Jester (Marceline).

THE TERRIBLE EFFECT OF A SNEEZE.



THE GOLDEN PRINCESS (MISS ENED HETT) AND THE SILVER PRINCE (MISS HETTY CHATELL).

Photographs by Campbell and Gray, Cheapside.

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Jan. 6, 1904.

Signature.....

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## ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

JANUARY 9.

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## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE King and Queen, who are now spending the week at Chatsworth, as the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, have not formed the centre of so brilliant a country house-party as that gathered together in their honour since the Accession. Curiously enough, sixty years had gone by since the reigning Sovereign had stayed at the Palace of the Peak, for it will be remembered that last year the King and Queen were prevented

same day as her much-loved grandmother, Queen Victoria; but, whereas her late Majesty and Prince Albert were married in London, their grand-daughter and young cousin have chosen the more stately St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

### *Their Majesties' Hostess.*

The Duchess of Devonshire was once described by a very shrewd critic of Victorian Society as "The greatest of our great ladies." All the good fairies seem to have come to her christening, for to beauty so remarkable that its fame penetrated to all the European Courts are joined intellect of a high order, rare generosity, and that wide tolerance which adds to the happiness of the possessor as much as it does to that of those who have the good fortune of belonging to her circle. The mistress of Chatsworth and of Devonshire House has been for long one of the King's and Queen's most trusted and valued friends. Herself by birth a member of the highest Hanoverian nobility, her forbears, including her own father, served with loyalty and distinction the ancestors of our Sovereign, and, as Duchess of Manchester, her Grace often entertained the then Prince and Princess of Wales at Kimbolton Castle.

from going to Chatsworth at the last moment owing to His Majesty's slight indisposition. The Duchess of Devonshire has arranged a wonderful programme in order to adequately amuse and interest her Royal guests. In addition to the theatricals which have been so much discussed, and of which the cast will include some of the prettiest women in Society, there will be drives and excursions to notable places in the neighbourhood, including to old-world Hardwick and Haddon Hall. Their Majesties' visit will terminate on the 9th, after which it is expected they will spend some days in town.

*Royal Invalids.* The Queen has lately been suffering some anxiety on account of the indisposition of her venerable father, the King of Denmark. His Majesty contracted a chill, which detained him at Gmünden beyond the date announced for his return to Denmark. King Christian, as is well known, is a singularly picturesque example of a hale and hearty old age. The simple, regular life which he has always led, united to his naturally strong constitution, affords the best ground for hoping that he will quickly be restored to health. Two other Royal invalids are the Prince Regent of Bavaria and the Prince Regent of Brunswick. The former is still suffering from the effects of a slight hunting accident, while the latter, owing to a chill, was obliged to forego the ceremony of receiving the New Year congratulations of the State authorities.

*A New Rôle.* Lord Rosebery, who is still so young-looking, appeared last week in a new rôle, that of a proud grandfather, for, much to his delight, Lady Sybil Grant has become the mother of a fine little boy. Becoming a grandfather certainly must count as an epoch in even a great statesman's life, the more so with a man so passionately fond of children as is the versatile ex-Premier. It is on record that he himself used to carry about his babies, exhibiting them to his own and Lady Rosebery's friends with great delight and satisfaction. The birth of little Master Grant should form a further link between Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt, for the redoubtable "Historicus" is never happier than when playing with his little grand-daughter, the eldest child of Mr. Lulu Harcourt, who resembles her grandfather to a quite remarkable extent. Lord Rosebery also shares his blushing honours with Mr. St. John Brodrick, who is certainly a remarkably young-looking ancestor.

*Two Great Functions.* The two great coming social functions are the meeting of Parliament, which is likely to bring together a record attendance of Peers and of Peeresses, including the many fair ladies who have in a sense joined the Upper House since the Coronation, and the Royal wedding. There is something touching in the thought that the pretty young Princess has chosen to be married on the



THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, THEIR MAJESTIES' HOSTESS AT CHATSWORTH.

Photograph by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

*The Palace of the Peak.*

Chatsworth is the most imposing of the Duke of Devonshire's many country homes, though it cannot compare in historic interest with famous Hardwick Hall, which is within a long drive of its grander neighbour. Often described, old "Leviathan" Hobbes certainly summed up in a few lines the best account of this remarkable mansion ever written—

Here I may not dare to go about  
To give account of everything throughout,  
The lofty hall, staircases, galleries,  
Lodgings, apartments, closets, offices,  
And rooms of State; for should I undertake  
To show what 'tis doth them so glorious make,  
The pictures, sculptures, carving, graving, gilding,  
'Twould be as long in writing as in building.

Of course, the true splendours of Chatsworth, however, consist in the art-treasures scattered through the noble rooms, and the wonderful collection of sketches and paintings by great Masters, and, above all, in the library, which is, perhaps, the finest private collection of books and manuscripts in the kingdom.

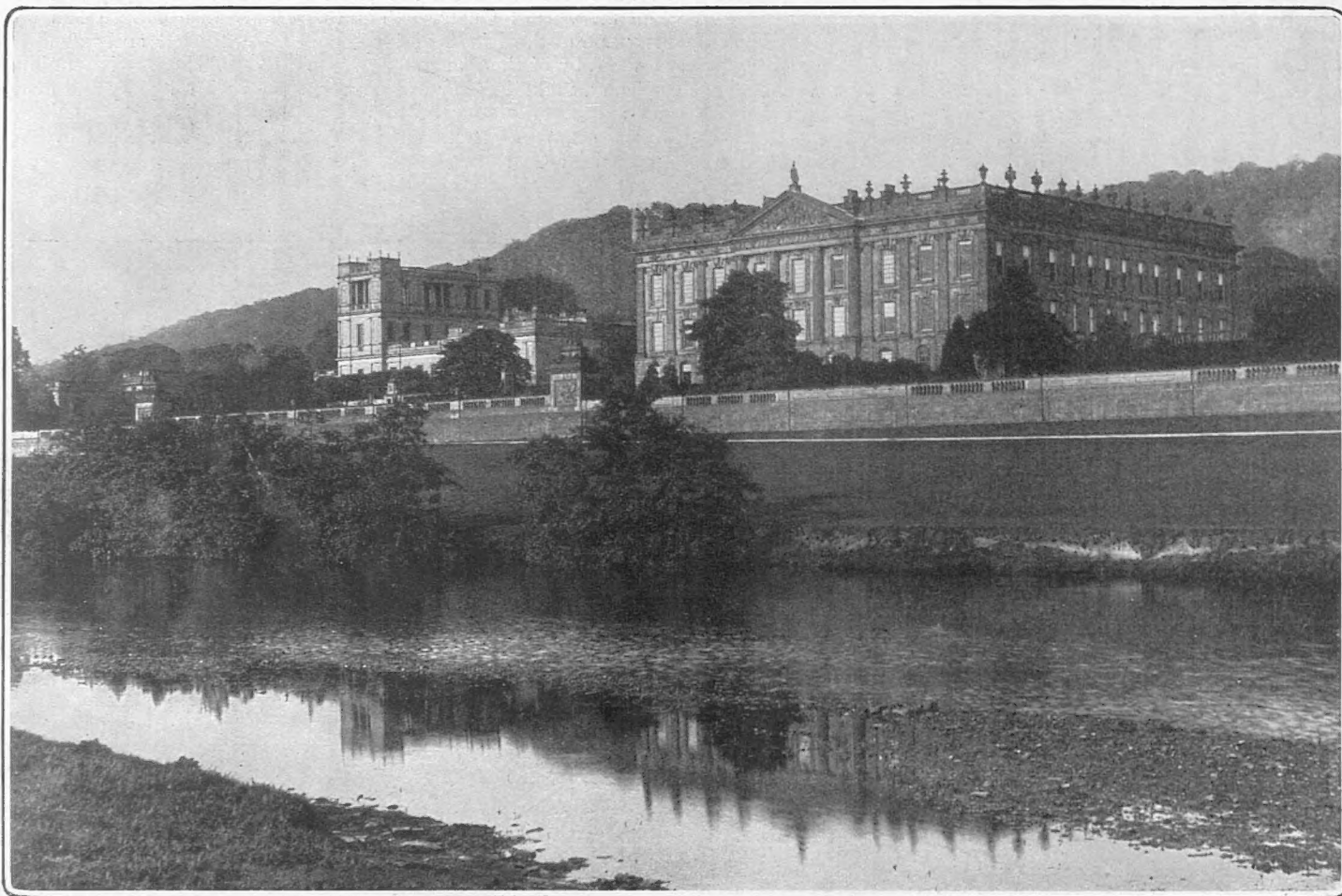
All through the Peak country the gardens are famed, and the Duke and Duchess are exceedingly kind in allowing the public to see

*More Members Dead.*

Death has been very busy this year in the House of Commons. It has cut off no fewer than thirteen members, and, of these, seven have died within a few weeks. During Christmas-time we lost Mr. Orr-Ewing, the comparatively young Member for the Ayr Burghs, well known as a sportsman on land and water, and also Sir Harry Bullard, the Conservative Member for Norwich, and Sir William Allan, the inimitable Radical representative of Gateshead.

*A Popular Brewer.*

The gaiety of Parliament suffers by the death of Sir Harry Bullard. In him the liquor trade loses a good friend. The heart of the House of Commons went out to the brewer of Norfolk ale when he frankly described himself as "a frequenter of public-houses" and bluntly declared that people were just as thirsty on Sunday as on any other day in the week. The House laughed uproariously when Sir Harry boasted that his constituency contained more public-houses in proportion to the population than any other in the kingdom. Of course, the point of the boast was that, notwithstanding its public-houses, it was sober. On one occasion, Sir Harry Bullard described how, in spite of prohibitive legislation, "you could get drink in America if you knew how to go about it." On going into a large drug-store in Colorado, he was asked what he



CHATSWORTH HOUSE, WHERE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE ARE ENTERTAINING THE KING AND QUEEN.

the beauties of these splendid grounds, which seem to include every variety of landscape-gardening, and of which the fountains are the leading feature. Planted all together are "the Royal trees," to which, doubtless, several additions will be made this week, weather permitting. Very splendid are the two oaks which were planted by little Princess Victoria of Kent in 1832 and by the Duchess at the same time. A delightful feature of the house itself are the conservatories and winter gardens, and the theatricals, which are always such a popular feature in the Royal house-party gathered together each year, take place in what was once the ball-room, which is reached through the orangery. On the occasion of a Royal visit, the winter gardens are lit up each evening with myriads of fairy-lamps.

*M. Loubet's Title.*

It will be news to most people that the President of the French Republic possesses a title which has nothing Republican about it. The Christmas festivities have recalled the fact that, as President, he holds the title of Saint Jean de Latran, which was originally conferred on King Henri IV., in gratitude for a gift which he had made to Saint Jean de Latran of the Abbey of Cluisac, in Languedoc. The Abbey was deprived of its rich revenues in 1790, but the Chapter continued the title to Louis XVI., and the Concordat attributed it to the First Consul. All the Heads of the State from 1802 have kept the title, for by Article 16 of the Concordat it is confirmed to the First Consul and his successors for ever.

would have. He replied, "I don't care." "Don't care" proved to be some of the finest whisky-and-water he ever tasted in his life.

*"William Allan."*

Mr. Balfour was credited with a practical joke when he recommended William Allan, the Radical, for a Coronation knighthood. Sir William, however, was worthy of the honour and wore it as if to the manner born. Even Mr. Labouchere must have been touched by the pleasure he took in his title. When members go up to St. Stephen's in February, they will be saddened by the absence of the gigantic figure with the tousled hair and the great beard, the loud Scotch voice, and the cheery manner. Even the representatives of the Admiralty will regret the loss of the man who, in Navy debates, shook his shaggy head and pointed the hand of denunciation at those who tolerated Belleville boilers. Into the very words "water-tube boilers," Sir William Allan put such scorn as no other member could equal. The appearance of the House will be very much more sombre without the picturesque figure in the grey jacket-suit and the jaunty sombrero-hat.

Mr. Melton Prior, the distinguished War Artist of *The Illustrated London News*, this week sails by the Cunard steamer *Umbria* on his way, via America and the Pacific, to Japan on what may probably be his twenty-seventh war commission for that journal. Mr. Melton Prior, who has seen fighting in every quarter of the globe, returned only a few months ago from active service in Somaliland.

"*The Red Earl.*" It is to be feared that Lord Spencer is still suffering from the shock of his wife's death, that gracious, beautiful lady whom the Irish, with happy wit, nicknamed "Spencer's Fairy Queen." "The Red Earl," as he used to be called, in allusion to his ruddy beard, is a typical *grand seigneur*, with a marvellous experience of public life. He has been twice Viceroy of Ireland, and he arrived at Dublin Castle for his second term on the very day on which Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke were murdered. Thenceforward he stood in constant danger of assassination, but never did he show the least sign of fear. The police begged him to shave off his red beard, which made him so conspicuous to the Fenians wherever he went, but he absolutely declined. One of the most interesting revelations of Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone" is that Mr. Gladstone would have nominated Lord Spencer as his successor in the Liberal Leadership if he had been consulted, instead of Lord Rosebery. As it is, Lord Spencer is Leader of the Opposition in the Upper House.

*A Mighty Hunter.* Lord Spencer, like his father, was always a great hunting-man, and he was Master of the Pytchley for many years. He hunted, too, in Ireland, and on one occasion, when he came to grief while out with the Meath Hounds, some irreverent person perpetrated the following epigram—

His seat in the Council Lord Spencer retains,  
His seat in the Cabinet too;  
But his grip of the saddle, his hold of the reins,  
Want a little cementing with glue.

Lord Spencer's half-brother and heir is Mr. "Bobby" Spencer, the extraordinarily well-groomed and well-dressed man who once electrified the House of Commons by announcing that he was "not an agricultural labourer."

*Lady Wolverton.* Lady Wolverton, who is included in the Royal house-party at Chatsworth, is the only sister of Lord Dudley, and is, of course, very often at Dublin Castle, the more so that her sister-in-law, the charming and accomplished Vice-reine, was, when Miss Gurney, her most intimate girl-friend. As Lady Edith Ward, Lady Wolverton was a noted yachtswoman, and she and her beautiful mother, Georgina, Lady Dudley, always spent the yachting

*Friends of the King and Queen.*

Lord and Lady Howe, who have been lately entertaining a large party at their magnificent seat, Gopsall, in Leicestershire, are high in favour at Court. Only last September, Lord Howe, who had been a Lord-in-Waiting both to Queen Victoria and to King Edward, was appointed to



COUNTESS HOWE, A PROMINENT MEMBER OF THE QUEEN'S COURT.

Photograph by Thomson, Grosvenor Street, W.

succeed the late Lord Colville of Culross as Lord Chamberlain to the Queen. His Majesty on that occasion conferred upon him the Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order in brilliants. Lady Howe is, perhaps, better known as Lady Georgiana Curzon, the brilliantly clever lady who, by organising the Imperial Yeomanry Hospitals, did so much to make up for the lamentable deficiency of the nursing service in the South African War. She is the youngest but one of the Duke of Marlborough's six brilliant aunts, the others, of course, being Lady Wimborne, Lady de Ramsey, Lady Tweedmouth, the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, and Lady Sarah Wilson.

*Gopsall.*

Gopsall is a marvellous place, and is said to have cost over a hundred thousand pounds when it was built by Charles Jennens at the beginning of George the Third's reign. It boasts a splendid suite of State-rooms, priceless pictures, and an extraordinary library, rich in early editions of Shakspeare and containing some original scores by Handel, who was often a guest at Gopsall. The chapel is fitted with cedar of Lebanon, and the altar-piece was painted by Vandyck. The principal lodge of the great park, which covers nearly six hundred acres, is an exact reproduction of the famous Arch of Constantine. In some ways, the most interesting sight at Gopsall is the complete dinner-service of gold-plate which Queen Adelaide gave to the present Lord Howe's grandfather, who was her Lord Chamberlain—an interesting precedent for Lord Howe's present office. Lord and Lady Howe have entertained at Gopsall not only the King and Queen, but also the Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince and Princess Christian.

*Curzon House.*

Curzon House, which is Lord and Lady Howe's town house, has also been honoured by the presence of the King and Queen. Their Majesties, who were accompanied by Princess Victoria, were present at a dinner and a dance at Curzon House which ranked among the most memorable entertainments of the Coronation Season of 1902. The dining-room was decorated solely with roses, which were sent from Gopsall; but when the guests returned to the spacious apartment for supper, they found that a magician's wand had been waved, the roses had disappeared, and in their place were masses of exquisitely beautiful geraniums.

*Battersea's Burns.*

Mr. John Burns is well known as among the most reasonable of the Labour members, and he has made a distinct place for himself at St. Stephen's, and also at the rival institution at Spring Gardens, in both of which he represents Battersea. A bright-eyed, wiry, grizzled man, of medium height and fluent utterance, Mr. Burns is really a personality, and he was a highly efficient working engineer before he took up the part of Labour leader in the great dock-strike. He is a good athlete, being equally at home at cricket, skating, rowing, and boxing. He has a charming wife and a little child of whom he is very proud.



LADY WOLVERTON, ONE OF THE ROYAL HOUSE-PARTY AT CHATSWORTH.

Photograph by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

fortnight at Cowes. Lord and Lady Wolverton are among the younger entertainers of Royalty, and within the last few weeks they brought together a very smart house-party in honour of the visit paid to Iwerne Minster by the Prince and Princess of Wales.

*Our Encyclopædist.* Mr. Hugh Chisholm, who took over from Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace the Editorship of the great enterprise which has been unkindly nicknamed the "Yanklopaedia Doodleiannica," is an Oxford man (Corpus) and still on the bright side of forty. His father held the mysterious office of Warden of the Standards, while the son was at one time a leader-writer on the *Standard*. Afterwards, Mr. Chisholm joined the numerically considerable company of ex-Editors of the *St. James's Gazette*, but not till he had served there as Assistant-Editor and as Editor for eight years. He is a man of wide reading and knowledge, frank of aspect and genial in manner, with the frame of a born athlete to whom no game comes amiss. He married one of the sisters of Mr. Henry Harrison, the "Stripling of Falcarragh" and the hero of one of the most notable incidents of the famous Plan of Campaign.

*The Future Countess of Ingestre.* Early marriages have now become the fashion among the elder sons of our great Peers, and Lord Ingestre, the pleasant-looking heir of the Earl of Shrewsbury, has chosen well and wisely, for his future wife is pretty Miss Winifred Paget, the elder sister of the young lady who on the 19th marries another elder son, Lord Herbert, the heir of Lord Pembroke. Miss Paget is one of four children, and her father, the late Lord Alexander Paget, was considered up to the day of his death one of the best-looking men in Society. Lady Alexander Paget, who is a sister of Lord Combermere, is well known in the musical sections of the great world, and her two daughters share her artistic interests and gifts.

*The King's Godson Married.* Had the Sovereign not been spending this week at Chatsworth, he would, doubtless, have been present at the marriage yesterday (5th) of his godson, the gallant Viscount Fincastle, V.C., and Miss Dorothea Kemble. Lord Fincastle has had a more exciting career than that which falls to the lot of most elder sons. He inherited his full share of his remarkable family's gallantry, and, accordingly, he seized the chance of distinguishing himself when acting as an ordinary newspaper war-correspondent at one of the many Indian Frontier wars in which our Empire is always engaged. Some people still remember the fuss which was made as to his being or not being awarded the coveted little bit of gun-metal. It was pointed out that Lord Fincastle, at the time when he performed the signal act of bravery, was not a combatant, and that, therefore, he had not the right to be so honoured. A point was, however, stretched on his behalf, and he soon justified the fact by becoming as brilliant a soldier as he had been a newspaper correspondent. Lord Fincastle is now a Captain in the 16th Lancers, and was once aide-de-camp to Sir Herbert Chermiside. He was mentioned in despatches during the late War, and has been for the last few years one of the most popular *partis* in the great world. His pretty bride is a true Highland lassie, for she hails from far-off Skye. It is an open secret that theirs has been a long romance.

Although Christmas has come and gone, the postal authorities in Berlin are still delivering Christmas presents (writes our Correspondent). During the holidays they were quite unable to cope with the traffic, which had assumed unprecedented dimensions. The consignments of gifts from Great Britain and America were, I am informed, extraordinarily voluminous. In consequence, a portion of the Anglo-American community is enjoying the doubtful pleasure of consuming comestibles from home *post festum*. The Customs authorities were so overwhelmed with work that they

made short shrift of Christmas-puddings. Instead of untying the strings, they hammered in the bottoms of the moulds, and, having thus gained a glimpse of the contents, bundled the broken puddings with other goods and chattels into the distributing vehicles. But, if the Christmas-puddings were battered, the Christmas weather was magnificent. Berlin may be said to have spent its holiday on the ice.

I was interested to observe how busy and crowded the shops were not only before but also immediately after Christmas Day. It seems that all Berlin shopkeepers expect a large percentage of the goods purchased by the present-giver to be changed by the receiver. They make a very fair profit on the exchange, for it not infrequently happens that more expensive articles are substituted for the original present.

*The Kaiser.* The arrangements of the Imperial Court would seem to exclude the possibility of the Emperor William undertaking a journey to the South. Fortunately, the trip is not necessary to the health of His Majesty, who appears to have completely regained his customary vigour. I understand that no date has yet been fixed for the visit of King Edward to Berlin, but, if the Emperor William's engagements permit, it is probable that the visit will take place some time in April. King Edward has promised to be present in Copenhagen on the 8th of that month, to attend the birthday celebrations of King Christian. It was said that His Majesty also intended to pay a visit to the Czar, but this has since been contradicted.

*Duke and Duchess of Connaught.* I hear that, if the Emperor stays in Berlin throughout January, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught propose to visit the German capital about the middle of the month, and will be accompanied by their children.

Some time before he came to the throne, the Emperor William I., the grandfather of the Kaiser, was told by a prophetess the date of the foundation of the Empire and of his death. William I. came to the throne in 1849, and by adding together the figures of that date,  $1 + 8 + 4 + 9 = 22$ , and adding the sum to the date, she obtained 1871, the first year required. By repeating the process with 1871 she got 1888, the date on which the Emperor died. The same process holds good with the present Kaiser, for by adding together the figures of 1888, the year in which he came to the throne, we get 25, which, added to 1888, makes 1913, the year in which, according to the prophetess, the Republic will be established in Germany. There are now only ten years to run before the truth or falsehood of the prophecy is proved, and many Germans look forward to that date with a superstitious anxiety.

The late Lord Sligo, who has just died at a great age—he entered the Navy in the year of the late Queen's Accession—had one of the most beautiful seats in Ireland, Westport House, County Mayo. Lord Sligo sat in the House for some years as one of those old-fashioned Whigs who used to be returned by Irish constituencies before the Home Rule agitation came to a head.

The new Lord Sligo, long known as Lord Ulick Browne, was in the Bengal Civil Service for something like thirty-five years. His wife, the new Marchioness, was a daughter of Mr. Dicken, of the Indian Medical Service, and they have four sons and four daughters. The eldest son will now, of course, take the courtesy title of Earl of Altamont, which has been disused for about a century. The Countess of Altamont is the daughter of Mr. J. Stewart Hodgson, of Lythe Hill, Haslemere, and they have a son, five years old, and three daughters.



MISS WINIFRED PAGET,  
ENGAGED TO LORD INGESTRE, THE ONLY SON OF  
LORD SHREWSBURY.  
[Photograph by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.]



[Photograph by Dickinson.]

VISCOUNT FINCASTLE, V.C.



[Photograph by Alice Hughes.]

MISS DOROTHEA KEMBLE.

MARRIED YESTERDAY AT ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

TWO SCENES FROM "THE DARLING OF THE GODS," AS PLAYED IN AMERICA.



Kara (Mr. Robert T. Haines). Yo San (Miss Blanche Bates).

[Photographs by Byron, New York.]

ACT I., SCENE 3: THE GREAT STATE HALL DURING THE NIGHT OF THE FEAST OF A THOUSAND WELCOMES.

*"Put out the light!"*



ACT II.: OUTSIDE THE SHOJI OF YO-SAN, AMONG THE MOONFLOWERS.

Yo-San (Miss Blanche Bates).

*"I swear that the feet of Kara have not touched the threshold of my Shoji!"*

## SMALL TALK ON THE CONTINENT.

[FROM "THE SKETCH" CORRESPONDENTS.]

## PARIS.

I intend, next year, to take a hint from Mr. Bostock in the giving of my New Year's presents. Mr. Bostock runs a wild-beast show at the Hippo-Palace on the Place Clichy, and as, a few weeks before Christmas, a lioness presented him with two delightful cubs, he seized the opportunity to organise a little raffle in which the ordinary tickets to his show should be the stake and one of the two cubs should be the prize. I didn't win, myself. But some one did, and, with a bashfulness quite unaccountable, refused to step up and to claim his lion. Mr. Bostock was quite annoyed. He explained what a pleasant thing a little lion is to have about the house, and added that when it grew up it would be very useful against burglars and Apaches, and—this was a little vague, perhaps—that sort of thing.

But no one wanted little Leo. I must confess I'm rather glad I didn't win, for, personally, I am not a family man, and, in spite of its tender age, I am told that the cub eats just about as much as any full-sized human being does. In which case, why a lion-cub? Why not a wife? It's true that lion-cubs' furs in winter-time cost a good deal less than a wife's are likely to. As to the danger in a pet of this kind, Mr. Bostock declares there is no danger if you face the grown-up animal continually. Well, that's a rather tiring thing to have to do, and, as a matter of fact, I have a little other work which needs attention now and then.

But, as a New Year's gift, lions are certainly a tip. I mean to tell all my friends next year that I have bought up a small stock of lions, and intend presenting one to each of them. Then in will pour refusals of my "kind intention," and I shall let the credit go at that, as Omar Khayyám says, and keep the cash.

Another old landmark of Paris will probably vanish before the New Year is well on into boyhood. For years past the Passage Vivienne, on the Boulevards, has been, instead of the brilliant thoroughfare it used to be, a lonely desert lined with half-empty shops which no one cared to visit, and where, excepting when it rained and folk flocked into the one entrance or the other to get shelter, you might remain for hours without meeting a solitary soul. The Passage has a story, too. Its last proprietor, Madame la Duchesse de Caen, left it, with the ground on which it stood, in trust to the State for the prize-winners of the Prix de Rome, who were, while at the Villa Medici studying the antique, to receive pocket-money from the rents which the long rows of shops in the Passage brought in. These used to be considerable, but now, as nobody frequents the Passage, nobody rents shops there, and the poor painters get very little pocket-money from the gift of the good Duchess. And so the Passage Vivienne, out of fashion like its big sisters the Galeries du Palais-Royal, is to be pulled down, and a big house, or several big houses, erected in its place. Alack! The days seem distant when all Paris used to flock into the Passage Vivienne to—nominally—purchase gloves, and gaze at Madame Labsolu, the toast and beauty of Louis Philippe's day. Louis Philippe's day! Ah, there it is! "Cela ne nous rajeunit pas."

A strange rumour is current in Paris to the effect that the Kaiser is going to Nice in a short time for the benefit of his health. It seems incredible, although the story is told in Diplomatic circles, and it is added that the Emperor will maintain the strictest incognito. Meanwhile, the Emperor has rewarded the medical men who attended him in his recent illness by giving Dr. von Leuthold the Grand Cross of the Order of the Red Eagle, Dr. Ilberg the Red Eagle of the Second Class, Dr. Orih the Order of the Crown of the Second Class, and Dr. Spiess the Cross of a Commander of the Order of Hohenzollern. Professor Schmidt, who performed the surgical operation, has already been made a Privy Councillor, with the title of Excellency.

## ROME.

Situated in the midst of the Villa Borghese, surrounded by graceful pines and ever-verdant shrubs, within hearing distance of the celebrated "Galloping Horses" fountain, and near the marble-pillared Temple of Venus, rises a sweet little country villa with brown-red painted walls and roof of clumsy tiles. Into this villa I had the privilege of penetrating and of seeing for myself the pictures of which so many have lately been talking, for this is the studio of the celebrated Cremona painter, Signor M. Gallelli, who has just been commissioned to make the monument which is to be set up to the memory of the world-famed Stradivarius, also a native of Cremona. Signor Gallelli must be congratulated on his wonderful power of putting life not only into his portraits, but also into his statues of bronze and marble. Every picture stands forth, so to speak, like a living person; his cast of Senator de Cæsaris is, perhaps, the most speaking bust of all. Life seems to irradiate every canvas and every statue; even the photographs of paintings no longer in the studio—for many of his pictures are now in London, Paris, and Vienna—show the vigour and energy of the characters represented by the artist.

I have no space here to enumerate the pictures which specially struck the fancy of those who were admitted this week to the private view. Some, however, I must refer to slightly. That representing a Jewess looking upwards in an agony of trouble visibly touched all who saw it; the poor woman's eyes were positively painfully expressive of grief, as she stood looking heavenwards, clasping to her a little son of eighteen months, who strokes her chin and tries to soothe his poor, grief-stricken mother. The models for the picture the Professor found in the Roman Ghetto—or rather, in the part which used to be the Ghetto. The little boy, who in the picture looks a little angel of comfort, is generally in real life, says the Professor, a "Diavolello."

Another picture shows a lovely girl playing to her friends upon a harp; the scene reminds one forcibly of Naples, with its matchless sea and sky, and the brightly-lit houses and churches. But, exquisite as is the scenery portrayed, the strength of the picture lies rather in the faces of the player and her listeners than in the foundation of the scene itself. A strikingly pretty but as yet not quite completed picture is that representing a young girl returning from her bathe, and being pursued, as she walks through the shallow water, by two swans; one is

pecking her legs, poor child, and filling her soul with fear. On the walls all round the studio are numerous sketches, some large, some small, but all bewitchingly fascinating. In an alcove stretches a fresco which has just won for Signor Gallelli a prize in an open competition; on easels in every corner are portraits of men of public fame, looking so natural that one wishes to be taken up to be introduced to them. A charming studio this, indeed, and one which English visitors to Rome should try and obtain permission to visit.

While on the topic of studios and pictures, I might, perhaps, be allowed to give public expression to a suggestion that I have often heard made by visitors to artists' studios, and that is that artists should have lying on some convenient table in the studio or in the entrance-hall a small list of their pictures with prices affixed. Visitors, as a rule, do not like to ask an artist straight out before strangers how much this or that picture costs; artists, too, as a rule, are too nice-minded to affix prices on the pictures themselves. And yet the public wants to know whether or not this or that portrait or landscape-scene be within their limits of purchase or not. A convenient list of all the pictures for sale, together with the price of each, would, I am sure, be much appreciated by everyone. At present, the money paid for pictures goes, to a large extent, to the middle-man, who has no scruples regarding beating down in price artists and portrait-painters. A real artist would sooner sell a picture to a friend for a moderate price than to a grasping, avaricious dealer for a price considerably higher.



MDLLE. MAGGIE GAUTHIER, A POPULAR PARISIAN ACTRESS.

Photograph by Reutlinger.

THE GREAT WORLD: SOME PROMINENT PUBLIC MEN.

(SEE PAGES 415 AND 416.)



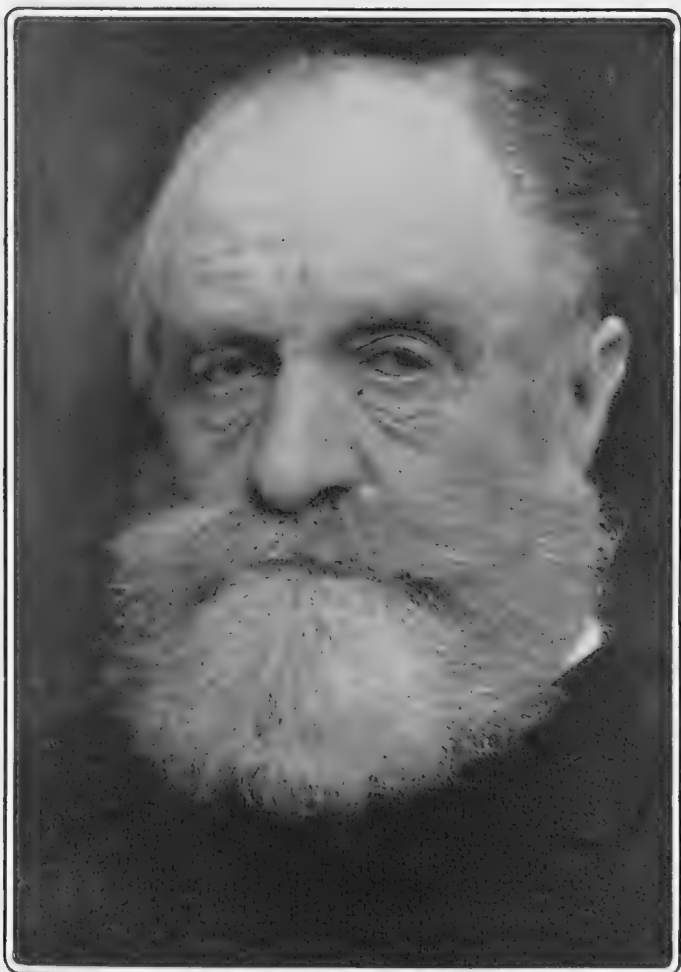
EARL HOWE,  
LORD CHAMBERLAIN TO THE QUEEN.

*Photograph by Langfieri, Old Bond Street, W.*



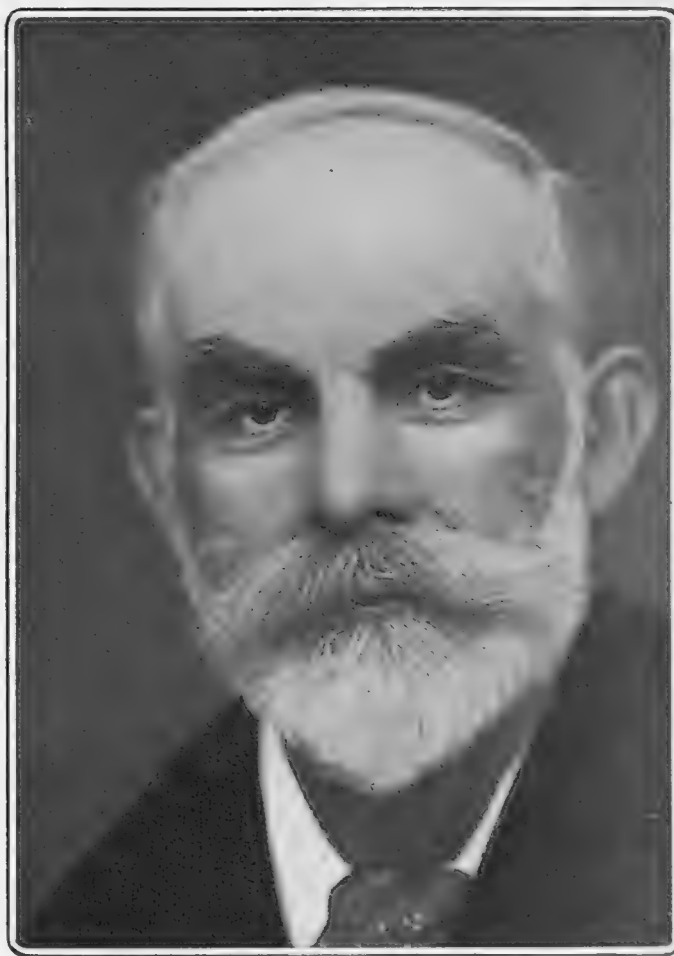
MR. HUGH CHISHOLM,  
EDITOR OF "THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA."

*Photograph by Beresford.*



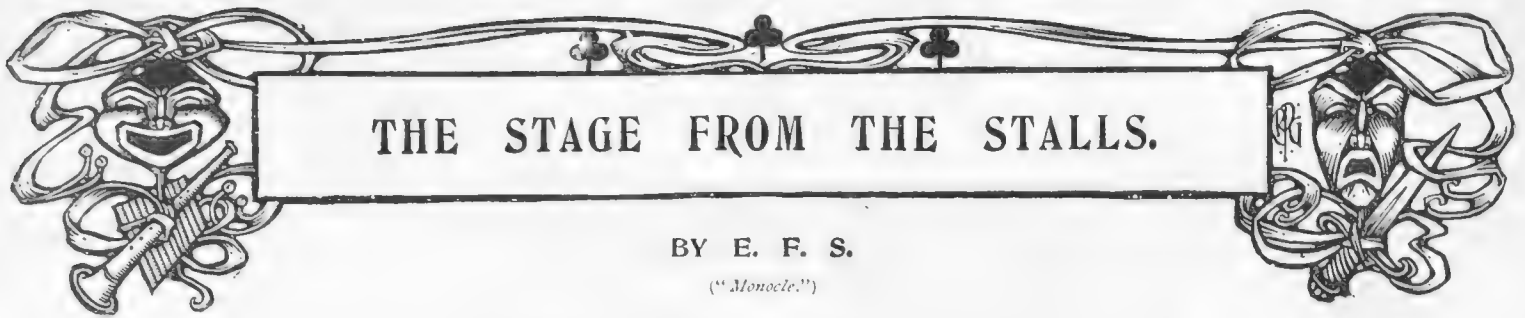
EARL SPENCER,  
LEADER OF THE LIBERAL PARTY IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

*Photograph by Beresford.*



MR. JOHN BURNS, M.P.,  
A CHAMPION OF THE FREE TRADE SECTION.

*Photograph by Beresford.*



## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"THE DARLING OF THE GODS" AND CHRISTMAS PIECES

IT would be interesting to have the opinion of an unbiassed Japanese critic upon the play gorgeously produced by Mr. Tree. Would he find in it the real spirit of the brave nation now, perhaps, on the eve of a tremendous struggle for existence, or utter an opinion somewhat similar to that passed upon Jacob when guilty of a famous act of deception? I am inclined to fear that he would say that "The Darling of the Gods" exhibits European ideas re-shaped—a little—in America, with nothing Japanese that is more than skin-deep. So much the better—perhaps. For I doubt whether we are sufficiently in sympathy with the ideas of life of the thirty-year-old Japanese to appreciate a true tragedy concerning the last of the Samurai. Apparently, in his latest production Mr. Tree has entertained theories similar, to some extent, to those of Wagner in his "music drama," for music is so much employed that the entertainment seems a combination of drama, pictorial art, and music on almost equal terms. As a result, of course, there are many concessions, chiefly by music and then by drama, and, least of all, pictorially. The music, indeed, though there is much of it and at times excellent effects are obtained, is rather disappointing, partly because a curious effort seems to have been made to give Japanese colour to some American themes, and partly owing to the failure of the composer to write a dignified march as exit for the heroes to their supreme strife. However, success could hardly come from an effort to mitigate Japanese music to our ears: the visit of Sada Yacco taught us too much concerning the music of our only allies.

The drama of Messrs. Belasco and Luther Long has been described as weird, fascinating, mysterious, and the like; but the fact is that one cannot accurately say more than that it suits its purpose of furnishing an effective melodramatic story for illustration. One has but to think what "The Darling of the Gods" would be like if it were put to the rough test of ordinary presentation or even offered to us with the finest mounting of fifty years ago. This opinion, perhaps, hardly comes to us when under the glamour of the wonderful scenery and accessories, though even then it is obvious that the dialogue is commonplace. Drama, even more than the novel, demands a Flaubert search for the exact word and phrase. The glamour is strong enough to conceal certain incongruities, and there are thrilling moments during the fourth Act as well as charming quarters-of-an-hour in the earlier scenes. For one thing we all owe deep thanks to the manager. It appears that, in America, the torture passages were horribly, brutally painful, and the nerves of the audience were racked. Mr. Tree is too true an artist to condescend to this sort of thing. After all, if it be not the noblest work for a manager to present magnificent pictures, it is, at least, worthily in his province to do so, and I think it rather a pity that we had not more of the pictorial and somewhat less of the strictly dramatic. There remains the memory of a collection of stage-pictures of unparalleled beauty and great interest as well. The amazing—indeed, I think, unique—skill of Mr. Tree in inventing vivid pieces of illustrative stage-business has never been shown so remarkably as in hundreds of matters of detail, and all the world will find a visit to the playhouse well repaid by a real feast for the eye.

The most interesting matter in the acting was the appearance as juvenile lead of Mr. Basil Gill, since we had a fairly accurate knowledge concerning the range of the others. The actor has handsome presence, rich voice, and natural dignity—all necessary for the character of Kara. Has he the quality which in acting stands in the relation of charity to the other virtues? It is hard to say. He showed well the qualifications I have referred to, but not to me, yet perhaps to others, the indefinable something that tugs at heart-strings. Admirable but "uninspired"—to use the cant term—seems to me the verdict. Miss Lena Ashwell has done greater things than her excellent Yo San. She seemed to fall between stools, to impair her work by trying and also refusing to give an exotic air to herself. In fact, she never quite let herself go. Mr. Tree revelled in a villain part, rather clumsily drawn, with unfortunate "Mikado" reminiscences. It was not till the fourth Act, when he revealed hideously the sensual aspect of the part, that his superb gift for character-acting really showed itself; then he became wholly admirable and convincing. Few of the many others mattered much, save, perhaps, Miss Maud Hildyard, who played a little scene cleverly, but all acted very well and entered self-effacingly into the spirit of the affair. The result is that there is a grand spectacle, an interesting entertainment, and probably a great success.

The entertainments which have sprung up all around in honour of the Christmas season are so numerous that I can do little more than issue a compendious guide for the use of intending visitors to the revels. Somewhere at the back of County Council hoardings will be found, with the assistance of policemen, the Drury Lane pantomime, historic monument of British greatness. Objects of special interest: Mr. Dan Leno, restored to health, distressed by the prominence of onions in the cook's accounts, and full of consideration for the feelings of the cat; the City of Coral, ballet of extraordinary splendour. The best authorities say nothing so beautiful has been seen before. They say that in the papers after every Boxing Night. They are always right. Object of beauty, equal in degree but different in kind, Miss Marie George: well repays careful observation. The student's attention is also directed to Mr. Harry Randall, and lovers of the country will find much to interest in the ingenious Study of a Scarecrow, by Mr. H. J. Ward. Returning to the Strand, the dazzled visitor will take a few steps to the right and enter the Adelphi Theatre. Here may be seen the Company once, but now no longer, of the Savoy, unbending for the amusement of "children of all ages." Much of the glamour of the old days will be seen floating about, though it is alleged that Mr. Passmore has been funnier, if possible, than he is as the Emperor who loved New Clothes so much that he wore none—not really none, of course; he takes off just enough to make the allegory work. Objects of special interest: Two wooden soldiers (old style), Messrs. R. Crompton and E. Torrence, slightly antique but still funny; Miss Louie Pounds and Miss Agnes Fraser, charming pictures of fairy Princesses; pathetic dances by Miss W. Hart-Dyke, condemned for her selfishness to dance all over the world; much ingenuity by Mr. Basil Hood, and much delightful music by Mr. Walter Slaughter.

Leaving the children at the Hippodrome to see the Golden Princess and the Silver Prince, the ostriches, the zebras, and the plunging elephants, all magnificence and splash, the wandering visitor will proceed to "Madame Sherry," at the Apollo Theatre. Here is no particular reference to Christmas, but a useful illustration of the doubtful advantage of a system of free imports. French farce, with the Frenchness not too carefully concealed—humours of bedroom-doors in hotel-corridor intensified by the fact that a young man has told a rich uncle that somebody else's wife is his own. Further description unnecessary. The chief justification for the importation will be found in the music of M. Hugo Felix, which shows a freshness and originality quite unexpected and very welcome in so frivolous an entertainment. Mr. Mark Kinghorne, who was absent at first, has now taken up the part of MacSherry, and is the Frenchman's ideal of a Scot; Miss Ruth Lincoln, with a pretty voice that shows careful training, plays with the demure saintliness which is usual with Scotch girls in Paris; and, still whistling Miss Florence St. John's song, "Houp-là, Catherine," the visitor will rejoin the children and answer vaguely when asked about what he has seen and heard.

Passing down the Charing Cross Road, we observe the Garrick Theatre on our left. Here children may be taken, and, whether they saw "Water Babies" or not last year, they will come away much impressed with the necessity for being extremely good, lest they grow prickles all over their bodies: this is one of the few successful attempts at adapting a book without losing all that the author meant to say. Miss Nellie Bowman is a delightful Tom, and Miss Tita Brand, as a chorus of four ladies rolled into one, would reconcile to virtue even the savage Grimes of Mr. Webb Darleigh. Wiping away tears of the largest size, yet cheered by recollections of the dancing of Miss Madge Titheradge, the visitor will next discover at the New Theatre that Mr. Y. Knott and Mr. Walter Tilbury have not been quite so successful in dealing with Lewis Carroll, and have left most of the glory to a couple of youngsters who dance a "Cake Walk" as Golliwogs. However, there is a great deal that will please the children in the Tweedledum and Tweedledee of Messrs. Dallas Welford and Lennox Pawle and in the ballets of toys and dolls. Mr. Phillip Carr, adapting "Snowdrop and the Seven Little Men" and "Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit" at the Court Theatre, gets considerably nearer to the real thing. The subjects are excellent, and the treatment of them is simple; there are seven loaves and yet no reference to Free Trade; the animals are very real, the Snowdrop of Miss Alice D'Orme is "perfectly sweet," and Mr. C. W. Smith, under the influence of Grieg, has written music which has something of the fascination of German fairyland.



*[Photograph by Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.]*

MISS ETHEL MATTHEWS,  
NOW PLAYING IN AMERICA UNDER MR. KYRLE BELLEW'S MANAGEMENT. "RAFFLES," MR. BELLEW'S NEW PLAY, IS ONE OF THE  
FEW SUCCESSES IN NEW YORK THIS SEASON. IT MAY BE BROUGHT TO LONDON IN THE SPRING.

## A NEW AMERICAN FAD: THE COLLECTING OF BASKETS.

BASKET-COLLECTING is one of the latest fads of the wealthy American. In all the large cities of the West there are scores—nay, hundreds—of private individuals, both men and women, who possess unique and costly collections of Indian basketry. Indeed, specimens of these baskets are even to be seen in a few wealthy English homes and are considerably prized by their owners.

purchase their household receptacles from the nearest store in preference to making them. Until the white man spread himself over the country, the Indian woman kept all her belongings in baskets. She had no other vessels. Out of the grass of the fields, with tireless patience she wove baskets for holding water, food, corn, clothing, while her cooking utensils were made in the same way out of willows.



A RARE AND VALUABLE COLLECTION: BASKETS MADE OF WILLOWS AND FIELD-GRASS.

The great fascination about these baskets lies in their curious shapes. Some of them are very small, mere tiny receptacles not much larger than a good-sized needle, while some of the giants are three and four feet in height. They are made in all kinds of shapes and wrought in the most beautiful colours. They are the work of the Indian women and are eagerly bought by the modern basket-hunter.

For centuries basket-making has been the chief Indian industry. Unfortunately, the Indian women do not now give such serious thought to the art as their mothers did, finding it more advantageous to



ANOTHER VALUABLE COLLECTION: NOTE THE "TRAY" BASKET ON THE LEFT AND THE "BOTTLE" BASKET IN THE MIDDLE.

She was taught to make baskets from her childhood by her mother, and her future status depended to a great extent upon her ability in this direction. The number and variety of baskets in her hut determined her social position in the tribe. No wonder, then, that the Indian women endeavoured to excel one another in their creations. First of all, an ordinary plain willow basket served the purpose; then it would be replaced by one woven in well-balanced colours, and, later on, by one boasting of some mythological or historical event.

Reproduced on these pages are a few photographs of some of the



SOME CHOICE SPECIMENS: THE LARGE ONE TOOK TWO YEARS TO COMPLETE.

*Photographs by H. J. Shepstone, Clapham Common, S.W.*



A BASKET THAT HOLDS THIRTY-FIVE BUSHELS OF CORN.

finest private collections of Indian basketwork to be seen in the United States. Astonishing as it may seem, some of the collections have taken fifty years to get together and are valued at several thousand pounds. In every instance they are the creation of Indian women, and some of the specimens have taken two and even three years to make. They are of all shapes, sizes, and designs. There is the flat plaque-basket, used as a plate; the heart-shaped basket of fine stitch and exquisite design, made to hold the treasures of some dear friend; various kinds of bowls of different capacities, door-mats, slippers, trinket-holders, trays, and also sacred baskets used only in important religious ceremonies.

Indeed, in every function, whether social, religious, or ceremonial, the basket had its place in aboriginal life, and only in very recent years has it been supplanted by the modern utensils of the white man. A thrifty squaw made baskets to every human want and every human whim.

It would be absolutely impossible to duplicate many of the rare specimens seen in these illustrations for love or money. The most expensive Indian baskets to-day are the religious ones. An interesting basket is the "wedding" basket made by the Paiutis Indians of Nevada. The marriage ceremony could not be conducted without it. It is filled with corn-meal mush prepared by the bride's mother. Taking the basket, the Indian priest divides the porridge into four parts, and, calling for the bride, who up to the present has hidden under her mother's blanket, he takes her hand and also that of the groom. Taking her position on the west side of the receptacle, with her future husband on the east, they eat the contents of the basket, which completes the ceremony, and youth and maiden are man and wife.

The chief basket-making peoples to-day in America are found in Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona, California, and the regions of the North Pacific Ocean. An enthusiastic collector can detect at a glance in what part of the country a certain basket was made and whether it was the creation of the Indians in Nevada or of the tribes in Mexico.

The Queen of the basket-makers in Nevada is Dis-so-la-Lee, or, to give her her American name, "Louisa Keyser." She is a full-blooded Indian, over sixty-years of age, whose work is wonderful in shape, symbolisation, and weave. Though heavy and plump, her delicacy of touch, artistic skill, and poetical conception excite admiration. Her hand is symmetrically perfect, her fingers plump and tapering, and her nails beautiful filberts. She is fully conscious of the sensations and emotions her work arouses in the hearts of connoisseurs and is shrewd in making a bargain.

Specimens of her work are to be found in some of the principal American museums, while it is said that a basket made by her hands is to be found in the collection at the White House in Washington. Few white people have seen her, for she lives in the strictest retirement, weaving her truly wonderful wares, which command what may be considered fabulous prices.

Although "Louisa Keyser" works incessantly for some twelve or thirteen hours a-day, the laborious nature of the task makes her output seem somewhat limited; indeed, in a space of three years she made only sixteen baskets with sixteen stitches to the inch, three with twenty stitches to the inch, and four of thirty stitches to the inch.

But it is an enormous output when the time and skill are considered, for there are thousands of stitches in every basket, and she never

One may naturally ask what makes the baskets so valuable. Undoubtedly the craze which exists in America amongst wealthy people to possess some of the best examples of Indian basketry has a lot to do with it. The women know there is a market for these and make them with a view to disposing of them. One has also to remember the immense amount of time and patience necessary to complete them.



A FINE COLLECTION OF INDIAN CURIOS.

Many a squaw has spent two years on a granary-basket which, when completed, stands only about forty inches in height, and yet contains over a quarter of a million stitches. The baskets are made of willows, various kinds of rushes, silk-grass, tulle, &c. The preparation of the willow is a secret process known only to the Indians, and requires years to perfect it. The warp is formed of two small willows stripped of their bark, while the woof is a slender thread made by splitting a willow whip with the teeth and finger-nails into twelve to twenty-four strips. These are reduced to a uniform size by scraping them with glass. The colours in the baskets are obtained by different processes. As a rule, they are worked in with the black root of a certain fern, thus making them imperishable.

So clever are the Indians that they can weave any pattern or design they please. There is a basket in a private collection at San Francisco on which is interwoven a cross, a figure of Christ, a crowd about the cross, and the twelve disciples. Some of the specimens seen in the pictures are ornamented with beads of Indian manufacture, others with festoons of rattlesnakes' vertebrae. A basket recently changed hands in California which took the squaw who made it three years to complete. It was in the form of a fancy work-basket, entirely covered with the down of woodpeckers' scalps, among which were a number of hanging loops of strung beads, and around the rim an upright row of little black-quails' plumes. Altogether, there were eighty plumes, which required the sacrifice of as many quails, and at least a hundred and fifty woodpeckers had been robbed to furnish the beautiful scarlet nap for the outside. It was originally purchased from the squaw who designed it for twenty-five dollars, yet it was sold not very long ago for £325.



SACRED BASKETS USED BY THE INDIANS IN THEIR RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES.

reproduces her previous designs. Allegorical, mythological, and historical events are woven in her creations in a marvellous manner. This old dame usually obtains from £30 to £50 for a single specimen not much larger than a work-basket, whilst three of her most recent creations were sold for £120, £160, and £300 respectively.

### "Q'S" NEW BOOK OF SHORT STORIES.

WHY "Q" has never again permitted himself to indulge in the uproarious fun of "Troy Town" will, perhaps, remain among literary mysteries. In all the other work of the novelist the reader has a suspicion of banked fires, which Mr. Quiller-Couch seems loth to stir. Artistic restraint is all very well, but what is the use of being a humourist (and the best and truest of them as times go) if you suppress your vein? "Q" is a writer of many moods, and, since he will not renew the Trojan War, we like him best in the key of "Dead Man's Rock" and "The Splendid Spur," of the modulations of which we have some very happy reminders in his latest collection of short stories, "Two Sides of the Face" (Arrowsmith). From these we select, for choice, "The Horror on the Stair," "The Hotwells Duel," and "My Lady's Coach." In the first, a story of the wife of a Scottish minister, haunted by the memory of an early sin, "Q" is in his creepiest mood, yet the art of him is the way he interweaves it with everyday humanity. He needs no fantastic accessories of strained imagination. His Caledonian setting has few faults. "The Hotwells Duel" brings us to comedy at once, but the best thing in the book is "My Lady's Coach," a rattling tale of the road. Here, we fancy, "His Grace" ought to have been "His Royal Highness," for the identity of "Fred" and "Ted" is not very obscure, but that does not spoil a neat *conte* of highway robbery, ecclesiastical preferment by jobbery, and other changes and chances of this mortal life.

## "THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

"WHERE, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault, the pealing anthem swells the note of praise," there Sir Frederick Bridge, whose name stands not only for what is best but what is best-known in music, has lived practically half his life. Born at Oldbury, near Birmingham, he was only five when his parents removed to Rochester, where his father held a musical position

in the Cathedral. Into the choir Sir Frederick was admitted when he was only six, and he has ever since attended musical exercises in connection with church services. Curiously enough, the man who admitted him into the choir, Dr. J. L. Hopkins, afterwards of Trinity College, Cambridge, had himself been a boy-chorister at Westminster Abbey, so that he formed, as it were, a long link connecting its future organist with the most famous place of worship in the country.

A choir-boy Sir Frederick remained until he was fourteen, when he became a pupil of Dr. Hopkins, and, later, Assistant Organist to the Cathedral, work which kept him engaged until he was twenty,

when he was chosen as organist of Trinity Church, Windsor, occupying that post for three years and a-half. Then Manchester Cathedral lost the Director of its music. Naturally, the office attracted a great many competitors, some eighty musicians applying for it. These were eventually brought down to six, who were selected to play, and, as the result of that practical examination, the future Sir Frederick was selected. That may be said to have practically started him on the road to fame and fortune. At Manchester he remained for six years, during which time he took his degree in Music at Oxford and inaugurated the first class for music at Owens College, now Manchester University. Finally, when Mr. James Turle retired from the organ-loft of Westminster Abbey in 1875, Sir Frederick's name was submitted, with one or two others, to the Dean and Chapter, with the result which has been of such inestimable advantage to the development not only of the music of the Abbey, but of church-music throughout the world.

Nor, great as are the demands made on Sir Frederick's time by the Abbey's music, do they by any means monopolise his energies, for he has been Professor of Harmony and Counterpoint at the Royal College of Music since it started; he is Conductor of the Royal Choral Society; he has been the Gresham Professor of Music since 1890, and has delivered over a hundred and fifty lectures on various interesting phases of music during that time; while last year, when the Chair of Music was inaugurated at the University of London, he was appointed to it, with the title of "King Edward's Professor of Music," and he is also a member of the Senate of the University.

As a composer,

Sir Frederick has been represented by works at the chief Musical Festivals—Birmingham, Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester—and also by an enormous quantity of church-music, while he is also the author of five books of music, including "Counterpoint," "Double Counterpoint," and "A Course of Harmony." Within the last few months, breaking new ground, he has published a most charming volume on "Samuel Pepys, Lover of Music," which has attracted a great deal of attention.

As organist to Westminster Abbey, Sir Frederick has naturally had to take part in events without their parallel in the life of any living individual. At the Coronation, for instance—for his work in connection with which the King decorated him with the M.V.O.—Sir Frederick had the entire direction of the music and conducted most of it. He also directed the music of the Jubilee in 1887, and was specially thanked by Queen Victoria for his services at the Garden Party at Buckingham Palace which followed that historic event; while at the Diamond Jubilee celebration of 1897, in connection with which he was knighted by the Queen, he took his own Abbey choir to St. Paul's to join in the Thanksgiving Service held there.

In another respect Sir Frederick's career has been unique, for he is probably the only organist who has ever officiated at the funeral services of three Prime Ministers—Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone, and Lord Salisbury. He also composed special music for the funerals of Darwin, Tennyson, and Browning, who are buried in the Abbey.

Sir Frederick's choir consists of twenty-four boys and eighteen men; who attend service twice each week-day and three times on Sundays. The boys are educated in a special school attached to the Abbey, and meet every morning at nine for their musical studies, which are superintended by Sir Frederick himself. The music-room is immediately under Sir Frederick's dining-room and is connected with it by a speaking-tube. As soon as the lesson begins, the volume of sound fills the upper room, and, if Sir Frederick does not happen to be down, he can listen to the boys practising under the direction of his assistant. His boys will work like the traditional niggers for him, since his method is delightful both in its kindness and in its humour.

One of the greatest events in Sir Frederick's life was, undoubtedly, the celebration of the bicentenary of the death of Henry Purcell, which was undertaken at his initiative and for which he gathered together a band and chorus of over four hundred performers. The proceeds of that event placed the new organ-case on one side of the great organ in the Abbey; but the event was remarkable from another point of view, for it was the means of restoring



SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE IN HIS DRAWING-ROOM.



A 42-LB. SALMON CAUGHT IN SCOTLAND LAST YEAR BY LADY BRIDGE.



Sir Frederick Bridge.

THE CHOIR-BOYS ENTERING THE ABBEY.

## LXXV.—SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE, K.B., M.V.O.

Purcell's "Te Deum" to the musical world stripped of the many excrescences which other editors had tacked on to his music. This happy event was brought about through chance placing the original manuscript in Sir Frederick's hands after it had mysteriously disappeared for over two centuries. On comparing it with



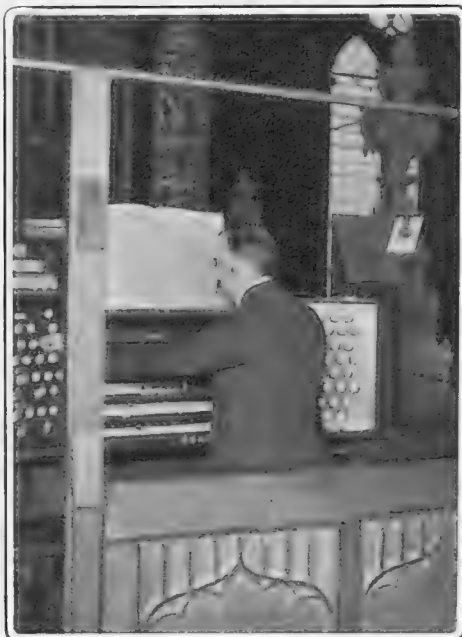
"NOT AT ALL. THERE IS NO EXERCISE IN THE WORLD LIKE BEING INTERVIEWED."

the modern edition of the work, he found that no fewer than a hundred and fifty-three bars had been added by Dr. Boyce, who had, as it were, murdered Purcell's music. The service Sir Frederick has rendered Purcell has been of the utmost value, and has done not a little to increase the veneration in which the name of the greatest English musician is held



"COME INTO THE ABBEY AND SEE THE ORGAN."

throughout the world. Purcell lived in Bowling Alley, now Tufton Street, and his house was pulled down only last year. Sir Frederick, who was going away at the time, gave orders that the best old things should be bought for him. These, by a happy inspiration, he decided should be made into three bookcases in which to



"TELL ME WHEN I BEGIN TO BORE YOU."



"SOME OF MY WINDOWS, YOU SEE, LOOK INTO THE CLOISTERS."



"A SMALL PIANO FOR COMPOSING WORK."

keep his music, and one of these cases is specially devoted to Purcell's own music, the original editions of which have been bound at a very great expense.

Sir Frederick's house was at one time the residence of the Prior, and there is still existing, though blocked up, a passage leading from it into Westminster School.



"NOTHING ELSE OF INTEREST, I FEAR, EXCEPT THIS ILLUMINATED ADDRESS—"

which, in the old days, was the dormitory of the monks. Though a portion of the house has been rebuilt, parts of it are exceedingly old, notably the hall, which dates back as far as 1364. In the hall, Sir Frederick has a fine collection of engravings of organists of the Abbey. Here, too, is mounted a fine salmon, over four feet long, twenty-six inches in girth,



"—AND A REAL PURCELL CUPBOARD."

and weighing forty-two pounds, which was taken in Scotland by Lady Bridge. She took twenty-five salmon last year to her own rod, and Sir Frederick's own catch was by no means to be despised. They spend August and September every year in Scotland, and it is undoubtedly the open-air life Sir Frederick leads which keeps him in such splendid health.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE Christmas book season has proved highly satisfactory. There was a slight lull immediately before, but things soon recovered themselves, and books proved again very popular as Christmas presents. The export trade was satisfactory, and orders from the provinces were large. Christmas Numbers did better in the end than was expected, though it is evident that the very large colour-plate supplements are falling out of favour. Cheap reprints sold well; the popular year-books, "Whitaker" and the *Daily Mail* Annual, went off better than ever. Fiscal literature went well, the most popular being that entitled "All Sides of the Fiscal Controversy." There was an excellent demand for Mr. Merriman's novels, and no fewer than forty thousand have been sold of the last, "Barlasch of the Guard." "The Heart of Rome," by Mr. Marion Crawford, was also exceedingly popular. Among books for children, *Punch's* Annual seems to have sold as well as any.

Reminiscences of Herbert Spencer are now being published. They throw light on his thoroughly amiable but somewhat eccentric character. Mr. Spencer had a good baritone voice, and used to be fond of trying over old songs and glees. His favourites were "Love in thine Eyes" and "Drink to Me Only." Another was "The Friar of Orders Grey." Mr. Spencer's father is described as a pleasant, serious-looking gentleman, not unlike his son in stature and general

appearance, and perfectly in sympathy with him in intellectual matters. The affectionate attitude of the son towards the father was marked. I believe the father was able to leave the son in comparatively comfortable circumstances, able to pursue without harassment his great life-work. Mr. Spencer was among the earliest and most enthusiastic of croquet-players, and it was one of his standing maxims that people should make the best of their lives and get as much fun out of them as possible. I understand that the editing of Mr. Spencer's autobiography is in the hands of his old friend and assistant, Professor David Duncan, who had a very distinguished career in India. If it is found necessary to supplement the autobiography, the work will be done by Dr. Duncan.

Sir Leslie Stephen's reminiscences appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly* have only one fault: there is too little of them. In his last paper he deals with editing. Sir Leslie Stephen had charge of the *Cornhill* for some time, and all the world knows his work on the "Dictionary of National Biography." Literary aspirants should lay to heart Sir Leslie's assurance that editors are always in a state of eagerness for the discovery of the coming man or woman. "In spite of many disappointments, I would take up manuscript after manuscript with a vague flutter of hope that it might be a new 'Jane Eyre' or 'Scenes of Clerical Life,' destined to lift some obscure name to the heights of celebrity." He declares modestly that he never had this experience, and yet he does not know that he ever rejected an angel unawares. Sir Leslie speaks warmly of J. A. Symonds as a contributor, and declares that no man ever encountered such heavy disadvantages with greater gallantry. He gives a welcome glimpse of Tennyson. The official view of Tennyson, as presented in his son's Life, is very far from complete, and it may be hoped that some day the full truth will be told. Tennyson will then not seem less great, but far more human. Sir Leslie touches very lightly on Tennyson's little vanities and the unnecessary pose which he made about his intrusive admirers, and still more about unfavourable criticisms. Matthew Arnold had also a touch of harmless vanity, a simple-minded delight in receiving compliments. He was, however, so full of good-nature that even the Philistine and the dissenter and the barbarian in flesh and blood appealed to him at once, and he could drop his magisterial robes to talk in the friendliest terms.

A pathetic interest attaches to the paper on Charles Dickens and the Guild of Literature and Art, by Sir John R. Robinson, which appears in the *Cornhill* for January. The proof of the paper reached Sir John on the last day of his strenuous and honoured life. He became a member of the Guild in 1854, and was a most regular attendant at its meetings until its honourable decease in 1897, when, by a special Act of Parliament, its goods and effects were divided between the Literary Fund and the Artists' Benevolent Fund. Of Dickens he says that he was a consummate actor, and was never when in public what in the ordinary sense of the word is termed "natural." The situation in which he found himself for the time became an ideal one forthwith, and his part a part with the rest. He was an excellent man of business, precise, accurate, and genial, with a word for everyone. As is well known, the houses provided for literary men in the neighbourhood of Knebworth proved a failure. Literary men would not stay in them because the trains for London did not suit. Sir John thought that literary men and artists worked a greater number of hours in those days than they do now. If so, the day must have been longer than it is now.

Mr. Rider Haggard's new work is to be called "A Garden Diary." It will appear first in serial form, and will doubtless be even more acceptable than "A Farmer's Year."

The Life of Dean Farrar, by his son, will be published by Messrs. Nisbet on Feb. 1. The price of six shillings net has been decided on. O. O.



PAGES FROM MY ALBUM OF BORES.

IV.—THE MAN WHO CAN ALWAYS PUT YOU ON TO A GOOD THING.

*Gennyson's Heroines.* \* *Drawn by H. Forestier.*



V.—GODIVA

*"Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there  
Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her belt,  
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath  
She linger'd, looking like a summer moon  
Half-dipt in cloud."*

## MY MORNING PAPER.



By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

IN these troubled days I find I require some courage to open my morning paper at all. What has gone wrong with the season of Peace on Earth? Rumours of wars spoiled my Christmas dinner, mobilisation is the order of the day, all manner of warships may be met ploughing wintry seas on their way to the Far East, and even an eleventh-hour peace would only mean a postponed war. Strange that at a moment like this Sir William Allan should have been called away. The fine old Liberal M.P., one of the most picturesque figures I have ever seen, lived almost to the dawning of the day that will confirm or shatter the great theory of his life. Belleville boilers will soon be on their trial, I fear, but their keenest critic will never know with what result. Let us hope that the first gallant seaman who is summoned to the Elysian Fields will be able to assure the shade of the Gateshead giant that his worst fears were not confirmed.

I read with lively interest the result of further experiments with radium. A French savant has introduced the new discovery into a cage where some mice were confined. The mice lost their grey colour and became white. Several of them became paralysed, too. This is really a brilliant experiment. One hopes that the savant will have a liberal grant from the authorities, and will be provided with something larger to experiment upon. A few dogs, cats, and rabbits to start with, and then, if they respond properly to radium, lose their colour, and become paralysed, I would suggest something larger, say sheep or calves, or even horses. Thereafter, arrangements might be made with King Leopold to set aside one of his Congo hunting-grounds for further experiments beyond the area of hysterical humanitarians. Who knows? Perhaps the Ethiopian can change his skin and the leopard his spots at the bidding of radium. After all, animals are cheap, and some of the Congolese folk who will not bring in a proper amount of rubber cannot be dear.

That hardy annual, the Compensation to Farmers question, is cropping up again in my morning paper, and, as usual, neither huntsman nor farmer sees more than his own case. Some Hunts are conscious that they are taxed for part at least

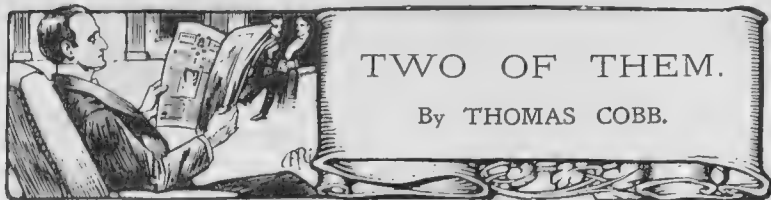
of the mischief done by stoats, magpies, and carrion-crows, as well as for the *bonâ-fide* depredations of the fox, and many farmers feel that, when their claim has been duly examined, criticised, and met, and they have set down the injury to young crops and fences done by Cockney followers of the Hunt, the balance is against them. I believe that the proper solution of the question will be reached when the Hunt offers to help farmers to build proper houses and runs for poultry. If wire with a fine mesh is used, the depredations of fox and carnivorous bird will be stopped, and the farmer will gain considerably. At present, many farmers cannot afford to build proper houses, and so the unsatisfactory taxation of the Hunt continues, and nobody is pleased. After the first outlay on the lines I suggest, a very small annual subsidy would keep wood-work painted and wire-work mended. If this proposed outlay seems large, it may be remarked that British Hunts are said to pay some fifty thousand a-year in compensation to farmers at present, and that, even if this is an exaggerated estimate, the annual subsidy may be taken to represent, when capitalised, more than a million pounds.

Is there much rivalry in this country between the two great Services? I know there is a great deal on the Continent, where the soldiers claim first place and sailors cannot admit the claim, but I am sorry to see signs of the same or a similar rivalry in Great Britain. The Lambton-Ladysmith-Hunter affair was one of the symptoms of an unfortunate feeling, and now I see further evidence in a daily paper. An Admiral writes to comment sarcastically upon the manners of certain young officers in a garrison city, and, a few days later, a General replies pointing out that several young naval officers lighted pipes and told funny stories in the drawing-room of a lady living in a seaport town. Neither Admiral nor General gives his letter the authority of his name, so I do not know whether the communications need be taken seriously. I suppose that neither Service can boast of having no "bounders" in its ranks. At the same time, the lady is entitled to a hearing. After all, there are officers and officers, as well as ladies and ladies.



THE HEIRESS.

DRAWN BY JULIUS M. PRICE.



"Is Mr. Williamson at home?" asked Norman.

"He hasn't finished his breakfast yet, sir."

Norman looked at his watch and saw that it was half-past eleven.

"I'll go up," he said, and a few moments later he entered Gerald's room, which was rather luxuriously appointed, considering the fact that its occupant possessed an income of something less than £300 a-year.

"By Jove," Gerald cried, "you are an early bird! Have a cigarette?"

"Fact is, I couldn't sleep," was the answer, as Norman struck a match and sat down.

"Something on your mind?"

"Want you to congratulate me, old chap?"

"Why," said Gerald, "I was just going to ask you to congratulate me."

"Were you though?"

"At least," Gerald continued, "it isn't what you can call definitely settled yet—"

"Neither is my affair," said Norman.

"But," cried Gerald, "of course, it's all right, you understand."

"So is mine," answered Norman. "By Jove, old man, she's the prettiest girl in England!"

"Bar one," said Gerald, with a laugh. "Has yours got any coin?" he asked.

"Any amount!" exclaimed Norman. "She wouldn't give me a positive answer at the moment, but I'm to go again early next week."

"Odd," said Gerald, with a thoughtful expression. "That's my form, too. Not that I have any doubt about it."

"Neither have I."

"Because, you see," Gerald continued, "no girl would keep a fellow hanging about if she didn't mean to have him. I'm to go to Grosvenor Gardens on Tuesday."

"Grosvenor Gardens!" cried Norman, rising abruptly.

"It's Clara Northcott, you know," said Gerald, and Norman sank back again into his chair as if his limbs no longer sufficed to support him.

"But," he muttered, "I'm talking about Clara Northcott, too. My appointment's for Tuesday—half-past three."

"She told me to come at three-thirty!" gasped Gerald, and then for a few moments the two young men gazed at each other in awed silence. They appeared to have one or two points in common. Of the same age within a few months, they were both fair-haired and rather pale, they dressed very much alike, and they were equally clever in deriving a great deal of amusement from a small income.

"Well," said Norman, presently, "hanged if I can understand it! I met Clara at the Partingtons' on Tuesday."

"My affair was on Wednesday—at the Richardsons', you know," Gerald explained. "I'm awfully sorry for you, old chap," he added.

"Sure you didn't make a mistake?" suggested Norman.

"How could I?" demanded Gerald. "It was in the conservatory, after supper—"

"I took her to the conservatory, too," said Norman.

"I said I had never seen any girl I admired so much before—"

"So did I!" cried Norman.

"—and that I wasn't half worthy of her, and—and all that sort of thing; and then I asked her if she would marry me."

"She won't!" muttered Norman.

"Anyhow, she said I had taken her so much by surprise—"

"She said I had taken her by surprise, too!" cried Norman.

"—that she couldn't answer that night; but she promised to think it over, and said I was to go to Grosvenor Gardens at half-past three on Tuesday."

"Now, of course, you won't go near the house," urged Norman.

"Why not?" demanded Gerald.

"Well, you see, I shall be there, and I was first in the field. Besides," Norman insisted, "I don't count so much on what she said as on her manner."

"Her manner to me was right enough," said Gerald.

"Hang it all, a girl can't marry two fellows!" cried Norman.

"Then you mean to turn up on Tuesday afternoon?" he suggested.

"Well—what do you think?" answered Gerald. "But, if you take my advice, you'll give Grosvenor Gardens a pretty wide berth."

"It beats me hollow," said Norman. "What on earth was the use of making two appointments? Unless—"

"Unless what?" demanded Gerald.

"Of course, she mayn't have made up her mind between us. Or," Norman continued, "if you don't mind my saying it—"

"I don't mind. Fire away!" urged Gerald, lighting another cigarette.

"You see, I asked her first, and she may have thought it such awful cheek of you that she thought she'd serve you out. When you get to Grosvenor Gardens you'll hear that she's engaged to me."

"How do you know she will see you first?" demanded Gerald

"Ah, well—," said Norman, and he went away shortly afterwards in far lower spirits than he had arrived. Gerald, for his part, determined to be first at the house on the Tuesday.

On reaching the house, however, ten minutes before the appointed time, he saw, to his annoyance, Norman pacing to and fro a few yards away, evidently waiting for the half-hour to strike.

"Hullo, old chap!" said Gerald, a little sheepishly.

"Look here," cried Norman, "we can't go in together!"

"All right; suppose you go for a walk for half-an-hour," Gerald suggested.

"I'm going to ring the bell," said Norman, walking to the door-step.

"We shall look like a pair of jackasses," answered Gerald, keeping close to his side; and, as he spoke, the butler opened the door.

"Miss Northcott!" they exclaimed together.

"Step this way, sir," said the butler, and, having waited while he shut the door, they followed him upstairs to the drawing-room.

"I have an appointment with Miss Northcott at half-past three," urged Norman, who had succeeded in getting first.

"Certainly, sir."

"I have an appointment with Miss Northcott," said Gerald, raising his voice and speaking over Norman's shoulder.

"Very good, sir," answered the butler, and, stopping on the landing, he opened the door of the drawing-room.

The room was unoccupied, and, as the butler retired, Norman and Gerald stood solemnly staring at each other.

"A rummy go, and no mistake!" said Norman.

"She can't mean to see us both at once," murmured Gerald.

"Oh, well, she's pretty certain to send for me first!" cried Norman.

"Just to clear the decks a bit, don't you know," answered Gerald; and at the same moment the door opened, and a tall, sparely built man, with a shrewd-looking, shaven face, and closely cut grey hair, entered.

"A delightful afternoon," he remarked, and, with considerable intensity, they both declared themselves in agreement with him. "Won't you sit down?" he added, and, while Gerald sat on the edge of the sofa, Norman took the nearest chair.

"The fact is," he explained, "I—I wished to see Miss Northcott."

"I have an appointment at half-past three!" cried Gerald.

"I am afraid there's nothing but disappointment in store for you," their host answered. "Miss Northcott happens to be in Paris."

Norman turned reproachfully towards Gerald, and Gerald scowled at Norman.

"But," the host continued, "she wrote to me to the effect that you were coming here this afternoon—"

"Did she say both of us?" demanded Gerald.

"Yes—both. I don't know whether you prefer that I should speak to you separately," he said; "but, in that case, I shall merely repeat my words."

Norman and Gerald looked at each other again as their interlocutor added, "Of course, I need not dwell upon the fact that Miss Northcott is a very beautiful and charming young lady. She is also extremely rich, and, fearing that she might contract an injudicious marriage, her father put a clause in his will to the effect that she was to forfeit her right to his money if she married without my consent before the age of five-and-twenty. At present, Miss Northcott is nineteen."

"Five-and-twenty," muttered Norman, while Gerald gazed at the lining of his hat.

"Now," continued the host, with perfect urbanity, "Clara chooses to resent this brief authority of mine. She resents it very deeply, and the consequence is that she does her level best to make me suffer. I presume that you gentlemen have asked her a certain question?"

"If I don't marry Clara I shall never marry anybody," said Norman.

"Neither shall I!" cried Gerald.

"Then I am inclined to think you will both die bachelors," was the answer. "Miss Northcott receives, on the average, two proposals every nine days, and she never fails to bring me to London at great inconvenience in order to interview the aspirants."

"Still," urged Gerald, "she didn't say she wouldn't—"

"She simply told me what had occurred and named the hour of your appointments."

"Well," exclaimed Norman, "I'm off to Paris!"

"Do you mind telling me where Miss Northcott is staying?" asked Gerald.

"Perhaps I may save you unnecessary trouble," said the host. "You will remember that I hinted at the necessity of my consent."

"What is your profession?" he asked, turning towards Norman.

"Oh, well, I had some sort of idea of reading for the Bar."

"And yours?" he inquired of Gerald.

"I've written one or two little things—"

"Published many of them?"

"Er—well, no."

"I really think a journey to Paris would be thrown away, as far as Miss Northcott is concerned. Moreover, I may tell you that I have determined to surrender at discretion. There is a young man who writes to me every week, and, I believe, to Clara every day. I certainly thought she ought to do better, but I am satisfied that I can. If you have nothing more to say, I need not detain you longer."

With that he rang the bell, and Norman led the way out. The butler was holding open the street-door as they reached the hall, and, outside, they stood staring rather ruefully into each other's faces.

"Look here, old chap," said Norman, "let's go and have a drink."

"Upon my word," answered Gerald, "I feel I want one badly!"

THE END.

## PROFESSIONAL PRIDE.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HASSALL.

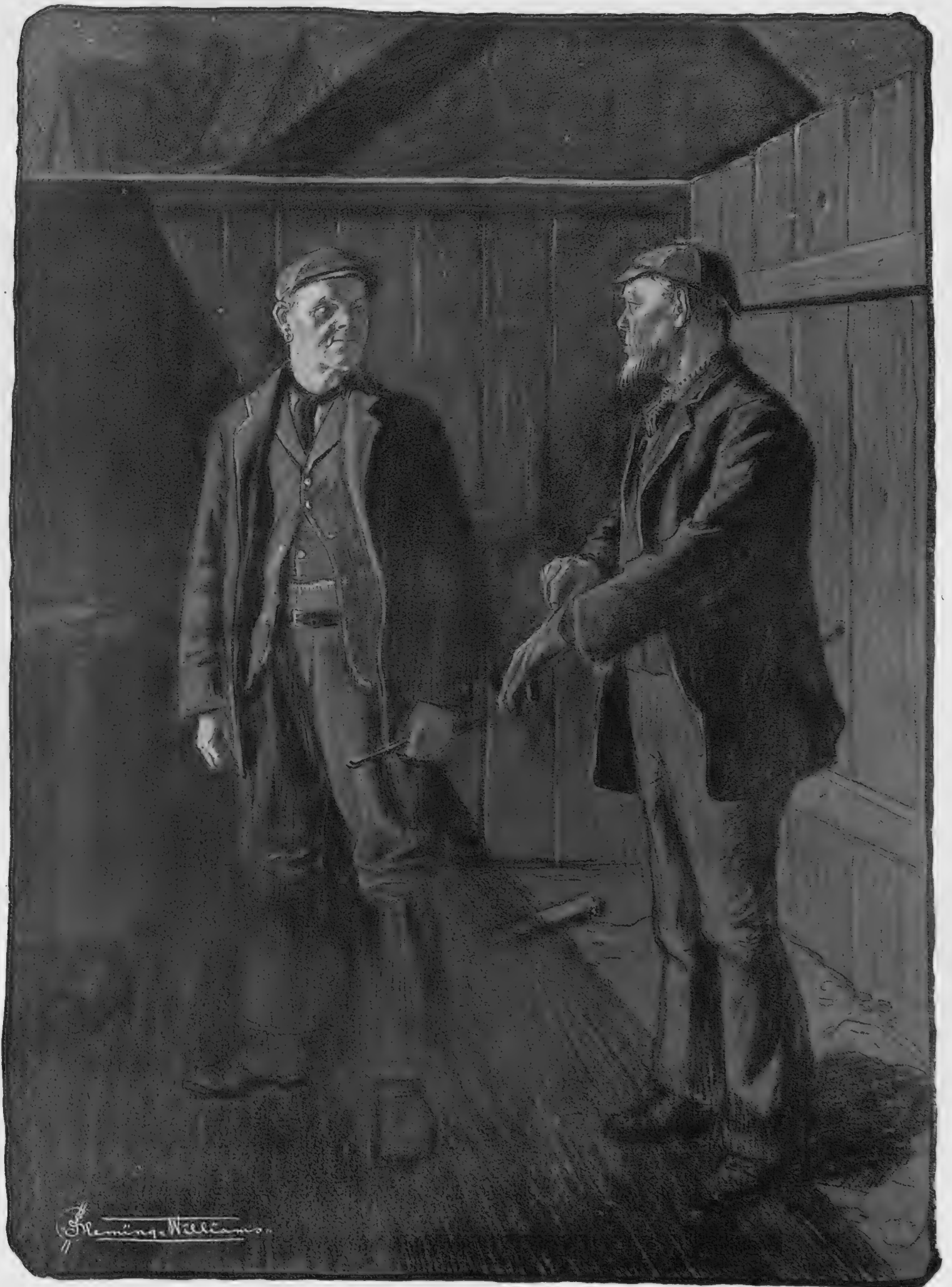


LADY (*interviewing General Servant*): I inserted the advertisement on behalf of my daughter, who is about to be married. Of course, she is not very experienced in housekeeping.

SERVANT: Oh, I've no objection to a newly married couple, Ma'am. I'm accustomed to sorrow.

PROFESSIONAL PRIDE.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. FLEMING-WILLIAMS.



YOUNG BURGLAR : Nah ven, dandy, 'urry up wiv them gloves o' yores!

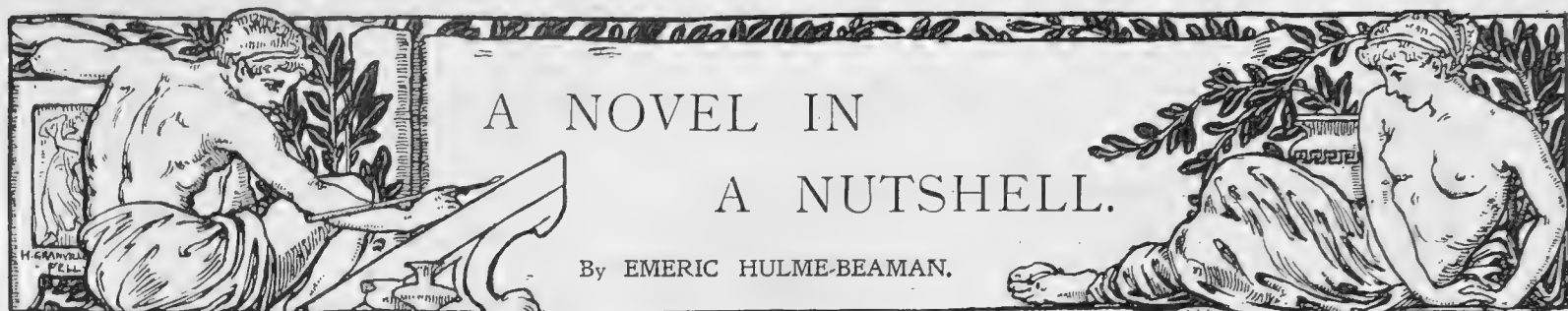
OLD BURGLAR : 'Urry be blowed ! You wait till yore thumb-prints is as celebrated as mine, young feller-my-lad.



## A WEATHER FORECAST.

"THE GLASS IS STILL RISING, THOUGH VERY UNSTEADY."

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



## A FOOL AND HIS FOLLY.

THE girls agreed that something should be done to celebrate the occasion; the opportunity—occurring, as it did, but once a year—was not lightly to be missed, and it might be regarded as in complete consistence with the duties of educated young ladies to treat with respect the time-honoured traditions of the calendar—to illustrate, in fact, this respect by some practical expression of it.

It was precisely, however, the form in which this practical expression was to be best embodied that at the present moment engaged their considerations to the point of an almost pathetic perplexity. There is, perhaps, nothing more serious in Nature than the seriousness of a dozen young—very young—ladies employed in the earnest discussion of some problem of which the proper solution will affect most intimately their own immediate entertainment. They are not concerned with the gravity or the flippancy of the matter *per se*, but only with its direct relations towards their innocent little pleasures.

And so, in the present case, the dozen elder girls assembled in the school-room of Miss Primbird's *Advanced Seminary for Young Ladies*—the school is a well-known one in the county town of X—, and, indeed, occupies a deservedly high position, and enjoys a wide patronage among the “best families in the county”—were considerably exercised in their gentle minds to arrive at a fitting conclusion upon the very important issue which had been suggested to them by the reflection that the following day was the First of April.

To attempt to engage on such an occasion in any pleasantries, however innocent and amiable, at the expense of the august and somewhat forbidding Miss Primbird herself, was not to be thought of for a single moment—or, if thought of, to be dismissed almost instantly with a sigh of regret at the utter impracticability of putting the bewitching idea into execution. Other proposals of a not dissimilar nature were in turn suggested, and in turn reluctantly abandoned on much the same grounds. Something, however, would certainly have to be done, they agreed; something, if possible, a little extravagant, a trifle daring; something, at least, genial and inspiring and worthy of their achievement; but—what?

Then, breaking a momentary silence, the prettiest of them spoke, a demure smile rippling the smooth surface of her exquisite young face and lighting her eyes with the arch dawning of a sudden spirit of mischief.

“Girls,” she said, “since we cannot, with impunity, play a practical joke upon Prim—though,” she added, with a sigh, “it would be heavenly if we could—”

“Oh, heavenly!” cooed a chorus of voices.

“Yes; but she would never forgive us if we made an April Fool of her,” objected the fair speaker. “Her outraged dignity would never survive the shock—and *we* should never survive her outraged dignity! It would mean expulsion at the least—with disgrace.”

There was a general lugubrious assent.

“But,” proceeded the gentle young goddess, smiling round at her companions, “since we must leave Prim alone, what do you say to—*Solomon*?”

“Solomon!” cried the others, in ecstatic acknowledgment of this brilliant and quite original inspiration. “Solomon! *Splendid!* Why didn't we think of him before?”

Then they paused, and looked to the genius from whom this inspiration had sprung to develop it further.

“Solomon,” she proceeded, “was made to be an April Fool. There can be no doubt about it. To-morrow morning he will come to give us his weekly lecture.”

“Yes, yes! But how are you going to make a fool of him, Poppet?” demanded half-a-dozen voices.

“Nothing easier,” said Poppet, loftily (for this was the young goddess's familiar name among her fellows).

“Sew up the sleeves of his overcoat!” suggested one.

“Or give him a bouquet of peppered flowers?” proposed another.

Poppet glanced scornfully at the speakers.

“No. We will leave babies' tricks like those to the Lower Fourth, if you please,” she said, contemptuously. “Remember, we are not children.”

The girls drew themselves up at this dignified reminder. The youngest of them was sixteen; Poppet herself was seventeen and a-half. “Children,” indeed!

“I have an idea,” said Poppet. “One of us will write him a letter, and word it in such a way as to make him think she is very much in love with him—in love with Solomon, fancy!” She broke off with a laugh of delight.

“What an idea!—In love with *Solomon*! Could anyone be in love with Solomon? Oh, Poppet!” cried the other girls, in glee.

“I suggest that we should draw lots,” went on Poppet, “to decide who shall write the letter. It must be written and posted at once—to reach him the first thing to-morrow, you know.”

This suggestion, however, was not received with quite such unmixed enthusiasm as its predecessor. None of the young maidens entirely relished the risk of facing the possibility of being selected to write the letter, and finally, after some deliberation, it devolved by universal assent upon Poppet herself to carry to its conclusion the daring scheme to which her own playful fancy had given birth.

“Well, then,” declared this young lady, defiantly, “if none of you will do it, I will do it myself.”

“Of course! You are just the one—besides, we all know that Solomon has lost his heart to you, Poppet, already! It is easy to see that from the way he looks at you from time to time—”

“Nonsense!” said Poppet, blushing, nevertheless, at this implied tribute to her charms. “But, as I am not a boarder, it will, perhaps, be easier for me to—to post the letter—than for some of you: so I do not mind doing it. It will be great fun, of course.”

Great fun, no doubt. Yet, oddly enough, when Miss Poppet had written and posted the letter that evening (after submitting it to the approval of her school-fellows), the pretty young creature became aware of some singular qualms of conscience, strangely at variance with the spirit of humour which the inception of this project had originally produced in her breast. Yet, although she began to feel less sure now than at first that the experiment would be productive of as “great fun” as she imagined, she resolutely refused to admit this suspicion even to herself, and returned home obstinately cheerful.

Now the gentleman referred to as “Solomon” by the pretty schoolgirls was no other than the able Lecturer on Moral Philosophy whose brilliant services Miss Primbird had been fortunate enough to secure once a week for the benefit of the young ladies of the Seminary, and whose name, conspicuously placed on the list of the school staff in Miss Primbird's prospectus, lent an additional distinction and lustre to the already distinguished reputation of Miss Primbird's establishment. The sobriquet of “Solomon” had been, in pure good-nature, bestowed upon the Lecturer by his fair young pupils in recognition of the extreme wisdom they attributed to him, or, maybe, from a certain grave decorousness of demeanour which habitually marked his bearing towards them.

The Lecturer was a tall, rather ungainly young man—young, that is to say, in years, but in everything else, as it seemed, incredibly old—grave with the gravity of the “fifties,” serious and solemn with the serious solemnity of one to whom life is an earnest and a real thing, whose own simplicity of heart renders him incapable of suspecting duplicity of motive in others, whose singleness of purpose seeks to find its reflection in the straightforward honesty of all with whom he may have dealings, doubting their good faith and their sincerity in the smallest matter no more than he could conceive them to doubt his own. Least of all the kind of man who could be expected to appreciate or understand that attitude of mind which is able to treat even the most serious matters with a levity and flippancy of spirit so completely alien to his own conceptions of what is due to the nobler feelings of humanity. He was not himself insensible to the influence of the emotions; but, outside his profession and in his merely social relations, a certain natural awkwardness, the shy reserve of a man who is conscious of his external disadvantages, gave him an air of diffidence and coldness which suggested a passionless temperament.

So far, however, from being indifferent to the gentler aspirations of the heart, the Lecturer, like many lonely natures, was possessed with a deep craving for some of that love which he saw so lavishly scattered among other men around him—the love of woman. His heart hungered for affection; yet for him it seemed there were to be no ties of wife, home, and family. Loveless and unloved he must pursue his solitary way alone. It was a cold destiny for a man of thirty to receive, and when his duties took him, as they periodically did, into the midst of a garden of fair young girls, with their soft, winning ways, and gentle voices and bright eyes, it seemed colder and harder still. Other men would be made happy some day by these fair young creatures, but they were not for him.

And, thinking especially of one pair of exceptionally bright eyes, of one soft, smiling face, the Lecturer would sigh. More than once during his lectures in the school-room he had fancied these particular

eyes had rested on his own with something of tenderness, of sympathy: and his heart had swelled with a silent gratitude to the gentle possessor of them. Ah, what would he give to call such eyes, such lips, such sweet, serious graciousness, his own!

The Lecturer, indeed, had but the most superficial acquaintance with the mysterious ways of the beautiful young human creature called a Girl!

When, therefore, he found on his breakfast-table one morning a little, pink, dainty-looking envelope, addressed in a dainty little girlish hand to himself, his first wonderment gave way to a rapid succession of very singular emotions, quite foreign hitherto to his experience, as he read the delicate little missive to its end, and then stood a moment, trembling, with it in his fingers. Collecting his rebellious thoughts with an effort, he read the note through again. It ran thus—

March 31, 1903.

DEAR MR. MORLAND,—I feel *terribly* shy about writing to you, but I hope—I *know*—that you will forgive me. I feel perplexed and troubled—I don't know quite how to explain it, but you are so *clever*, so *kind* and *good*, that I am sure I may count upon you to give me your advice upon the subject, which is rather a *delicate* one! Please let me speak to you *alone* after class to-morrow morning for a few minutes. I will stay behind the other girls.—Yours most sincerely,  
DOROTHY DEWDROP.

Had he been more of a man of the world and less of an idealist, the Lecturer would have suspected some of the woman's designing craftiness in this apparently artless girl's note. Indeed, the wicked little lines breathed audibly of mischief; but the Lecturer guessed it not, and he did a very curious thing. Instead of throwing the note into the fire with a laugh—and, possibly, a promise to himself to take advantage of this opportunity of a stolen flirtation with a pretty pupil—he pressed the scented paper to his lips. Dorothy Dewdrop! It was Dorothy Dewdrop whose soft, serious eyes had rested on his face so often and so tenderly (as he flattered himself) during his class lectures, and now she—*she* had written to him! Forgive her? Ah, what would he *not* forgive that gentle, smiling angel? She was perplexed and troubled, and wanted his advice—on a delicate subject. What could it mean?

At length—as it seemed, by some purely mechanical process—he finished his breakfast, and found himself in his usual place in the class-room of Miss Primbird's Seminary, with his fresh young pupils arranged daintily round him.

For an hour he lectured to them wisely, passionlessly, on Moral Philosophy; yet, when he thought of it afterwards, he could not remember one single word of what he had said during that hour: he even vaguely wondered whether he had not been talking nonsense.

The hour came to an end, however, as hours will, whether of joy or sorrow, pain or pleasure; and the class rose. There was the usual kaleidoscope of butterfly movements, the usual ripple of laughing voices, the opening of a door—and then the Lecturer looked up and found himself alone in the room. Not quite alone, though. A tall, graceful figure appeared suddenly, standing at his desk, and a pair of sweet grey eyes glanced a little timidly up into his own and immediately fell with a pretty embarrassment as they encountered the Lecturer's gaze.

"I—I got your note, Miss Dewdrop," the Lecturer began, after an instant's pause; then he stopped short and blushed.

"Oh, thank you! It was so good of you!" replied Miss Dewdrop—who was no other than "Poppet"—blushing, too. The remark was a trifle elliptical, but the Lecturer did not appear to notice it. He felt ill at ease, shy, nervous—and yet strangely happy. For the first time in his life he was alone, face to face, with a young girl who seemed to want him, not as a lecturer, but, perhaps, as—as a friend. He dared not own to himself that he had long worshipped silently this very same young girl; but the dim consciousness of the truth may have contributed somewhat to the embarrassment—and the delight—of the moment.

"No; do not say that!" interrupted the Lecturer, hastily. "You have nothing to thank me for. If the matter that troubles you—perplexes you—is one in which I can give you any advice or assistance, Miss Dewdrop, believe me there is nothing—nothing—that would afford me greater pleasure than to—to help you," he concluded, rather lamely.

Perceiving the Lecturer's growing embarrassment, Miss Poppet regained with proportionate rapidity her own equanimity, and, casting infinitely demure eyes upon the Lecturer's face, replied—

"You are very kind, Mr. Morland. But I do not know how to tell you—it is very difficult. In fact, I—I—" She broke down with a wonderful affectation of diffidence; and stood a moment silent—a very beautiful picture of maiden distress.

"Do not be afraid to tell me," he said, gently, "if you think I can be of any use to you."

"You—you do not understand *girls*!" she retorted, desperately, "or else—"

"No," he meekly acknowledged, "I'm afraid I—I have had very little experience with—with girls. But"—he glanced at the young lady a little appealingly—"I should like to try and—understand, if you would tell me—"

"Oh, can't you guess?" exclaimed Miss Poppet, impatiently. "Can't you *see*, Mr. Morland? I wanted to tell you my difficulty and ask you to help me—to try and cure it, for I thought you *must* have found it out, too! A girl can't *tell* a man that she—"

The Lecturer drew a deep breath.

"Tell him—what?" he inquired, slowly. "That she—"

"That she—*loves* him!" Poppet replied, in a low voice. "She can't tell him that—in so many words, Mr. Morland?"

"In so many words—no, I suppose not," answered the Lecturer, in the tone of a man confronted suddenly by some weighty philosophic proposition.

"Then what *can* she do?" demanded Poppet, helplessly.

"Miss Dewdrop," rejoined the Lecturer, looking down, "I'm afraid it's hardly a subject in which I am competent to advise you. Why do you ask *me*?"

"Because you are wise, clever, and know things," was her ready reply. "Because Moral Philosophy should embrace *all* subjects connected with the problems of human emotion! Because you are the—the—" She stopped abruptly.

The Lecturer looked up, and his pale face flushed with a new emotion, hitherto unconsidered in the researches of Moral Philosophers.

"Because I am the—" His voice shook with some wild, suppressed hope.

"The proper person to—to ask!" explained Poppet.

The Lecturer shook his head sadly.

"If I were," he responded, "be sure you should not ask in vain. But how can I tell? I am not the man to whom girls come, as a rule, Miss Dewdrop, either for advice or—or companionship. I am, I fear, an awkward, clumsy fellow, with none of those graces and social embellishments that make men attractive to women; and so I—I have lived my life much alone, you see, and know little of the softer, gentler sides of woman's nature. I cannot advise you, alas; but, believe me, I can sympathise. And, if I *could*, I would do more."

The disappointment in his voice and in his face was too obvious to escape the notice of his fair young listener. True to the part she had set herself to play, she continued to stimulate the hopes and yearnings of the man before her with a pitiless persistency.

"You *can* do more," she said, quickly. "Why do you call yourself clumsy and unattractive? It is not true. You are clever—oh, so clever!—and girls love cleverness. You are good-looking, too," she added, with reckless audacity. "But you can't see things straight in front of you, Mr. Morland! You can't see when a girl is—in love with you, though she cannot tell you so—in so many words—" Poppet hung her head as if abashed.

The Lecturer straightened himself and a light leapt into his eyes.

"What do you mean?" he asked, in a strange voice. "You can't mean that you—that *you*—"?

Poppet nodded her head slowly.

"Yes," she murmured. "Yes. Couldn't you guess it—before?"

The Lecturer fell back in his chair. A wave of bewildering, confused happiness seemed to sweep over his brain. For an instant, in the consciousness of the new glory that had come upon him like a lightning-flash, the room itself swam round and the earth trembled. She—the sweetest, fairest creature in the world, the beautiful young angel of his dreams—she *loved* him! It did not for a moment occur to the Lecturer to doubt the truth of this stupendous admission. In the simplicity of his nature, the singleness of his heart, he believed.

The cloud cleared from his eyes and he saw her still standing there, demure and penitent, as though she had committed some great fault. Only an infinite shyness, an infinite modesty, restrained him from leaping to his feet and clasping her to his arms. But angels are to be worshipped, not clasped; and she was an angel, for had she not opened the gates of Paradise to him—a lonely, loveless, unloved man?

"Miss Dewdrop," he said at length, "can it be possible—is it true—that you *love me*?" He whispered the last words in a tone of subdued awe.

"Surely, Mr. Morland, you cannot doubt it?"

There came from behind the door a sudden sound of suppressed tittering. The Lecturer started and half-turned his head. The tittering ceased.

"Miss Dewdrop," he went on, "it seems too great a thing for me to believe! But, oh, if it is true, may God bless you!" Poppet stirred uneasily. "Once," continued the Lecturer, dreamily, "I had a little sister—much, very much, younger than myself; she was all the world to me, Miss Dewdrop, and—she died. Had she lived she would have been about the same age as you are, and just the same sweet, gracious girl, though not so beautiful. Since then I have never known what it meant to hear a girl's voice speak to me in kind and gentle accents till—till to-day: and, Miss Dewdrop, for what you have just said, may Heaven for ever bless you, dear. But you are young, and I cannot—dare not—take you at your word. You say you love me? Ah, but not as I love you, and shall ever love you—now! You will forget—but I shall remember. You will love and marry some—other man, more suitable to a glorious young thing like you than I—" He paused, and Miss Poppet raised to him a face of flame.

"Stop, Mr. Morland!" she cried. "Stop! Oh, I have been a wicked—*brute*! I do not love you!"

There came again a sudden peal of merry laughter (louder this time) from outside the door.

"Do you not see," went on Poppet, hurriedly, "it's all a *joke*? The whole thing is a joke—my letter and all! *To-day is the First of April!*"

The Lecturer rose to his feet unsteadily.

"Ah—yes; yes, of course," he said, with a sickly smile. "A joke, to be sure—a very good joke! Ha, ha! How foolish of me to have been taken in! But I—I saw through it all—from the first, Miss Dewdrop—I saw through it—of course!"

"Of course!" said Poppet, stoutly. Then she took the Professor's hand in her warm, slender little fingers.

"Forgive me," she said, very softly.

The Professor turned away his eyes.

"Yes," he said, "I forgive you." Then he added, "God bless you, Miss Dewdrop!" and sighed.

THE END.



## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE New Year's new plays already form an imposing list, and give promise of good entertainment at London's leading theatres. Indeed, these forthcoming plays are so many and various that, although Mr. Stead had never been to a playhouse until he started his new paper, he will be able to obtain considerable dramatic-critical experience even in this present month of grace.

The first new plays in order of date are respectively entitled "The Question" and "Bohémos." The former is a three-Act example

Eastbourne next Monday and will bring to London as soon as possible after that; also a play called "Sunday," which the same popular players are preparing for imminent production. With regard to the last-named new play, it should be stated that the title does *not* refer to the Sabbath—as several paragraphists have, perhaps not unnaturally, assumed—but to the nickname of the heroine. This heroine will, of course, be enacted by Miss Neilson.

Among other new plays promised for London production before January is out, or by a day or two later, I may mention the following: "Love in a Cottage," by Captain Basil Hood, due at Terry's on the 23rd inst.; "The Never-Never Land," by Mr. Wilson Barrett, which is to have its first London production at the King's, Hammersmith; Mr. Comyns Carr's adaptation of Capus's drama, "La Châtelaine" (to be called "My Lady Rosedale"), for Sir Charles Wyndham; and Mr. George Edwardes's new Daly's Theatre production, still called "Beautiful Ceylon," which may also be expected towards the end of the month. In the meantime—next Monday, to be exact—Mr. Edwardes will start at Daly's a series of revivals of the musical version of "Ib and Christina."

Miss Tita Brand is a talented and promising young actress of whom much is expected. She has everything in her favour, since she has always lived in an atmosphere of drama, so to speak. As a child, Miss Brand accompanied her mother, Miss Marie Brema, to Bayreuth and attended all her rehearsals of Wagnerian opera. Indeed, Miss Brema herself declares that to her little daughter's keen dramatic instinct and criticism she owes not a little of her own success. Miss Tita Brand made her first appearance some two years ago in one of Mr. Ben Greet's pastoral plays at the Botanical Gardens, and afterwards played many Shaksperian parts. Early last year she played with the German Company at St. George's Hall, and later on appeared as Knowledge in "Everyman." Owing to her mother's ill-health, Miss Brand was unable to accept an invitation to go to America with that play, and had also to decline Sir Henry Irving's offer of a part in "Dante." Last year she scored successes in "An Eye for an Eye,"



MISS TITA BRAND, PLAYING IN "WATER BABIES," AT THE GARRICK.

*Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.*

written by Bertram B. Ashford and "John Strange Winter." The latter is a one-Act comedy adapted by Mr. John Davidson, the poet, from a French play by Miguel Zamcoïs. Both pieces are due at the Court next Saturday afternoon (the 9th inst.), and Mr. Charles Lander, our very next Romeo, will be responsible for the production. Next Monday afternoon there will be started, at a series of *matinées* to be given at the Royalty by Mr. Richard Maynard, a play which should be interesting, especially to lovers of eighteenth-century literature. This play is entitled "Swift and Vanessa," and has been written by Mr. A. O'D. Bartholeyns, who was erewhile a rather prolific playwright, but who has not written, or, at all events, has not "produced," any dramatic work of late years. The cast of this play promises well, for Mrs. Arthur Scaife, who has done a good deal of clever histrionic work, will play Vanessa; Miss Dora Barton will represent the Dean's other "flame," Stella; Mrs. Theodore Wright will enact Rebecca Dingley; and Mr. J. D. Beveridge will impersonate Swift.

According to present arrangements, we are to see a little later in the month—probably at an Avenue *matinée*—a new play written by Mr. Walter Frith for Miss Gertrude Kingston, and entitled "The Perils of Flirtation." To-morrow week, Messrs. Harrison and Maude propose to preface "Cousin Kate" at the Haymarket with a new one-Act drama written by Miss M. E. Francis, and entitled "The Wooing of Willie." A week or so afterwards, these partners in management will present Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new comedy, "Joseph Entangled."

Other new plays promised for the month just started are the following: Captain Robert Marshall's comedy, "The Earl of Killiecrankie," due at the Criterion next Friday week; "The Scarlet Pimpernel," which Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry will try at



MISS ADRIENNE AUGARDE, PLAYING IN "THE DUCHESS OF DANTZIC," AT THE LYRIC.

*Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.*

"Comus," and "The Faithful Shepherdess," and took Miss Marion Terry's place, at very short notice, in Miss Liza Lehmann's fairy cantata, "Once Upon a Time." At present Miss Brand is appearing at the Garrick as the Fairy in "Water Babies."

# KEY-NOTES

OF course, at this time we are inundated with pantomime music; but, although a very devout attention to the spectacular and jocund details of these various shows has been paid on every side, there has been little enough reference to music. How many listeners, one wonders, for example, know precisely the amount of musical knowledge and critical learning which go to the building up of such a score as that which Mr. Glover has provided for "Humpty-Dumpty" at Drury Lane? This is pantomime music of the first quality; that is to say, a large and extensive acquaintance with the music of the day is here bound together by a single thread of genuine and individual originality. It would, of course, be utterly absurd to write of anything in connection with pantomime as belonging definitely to a highly original order of things. Mr. Glover, however, is by no means content with such superficial and casual references to the music of the day as those which make for easy popularity on the night of the production of any pantomime. Such things as his introduction of passages from Wagner's "Ring," from music of modern Russia, and from many another source which have been occupying the mind of the musical observer during recent times, were all part and parcel of the results of his labour, and this quite apart from a thousand-and-one gay allusions to music hall work, to light-comedy work, to the comic opera of France and America, and to the bright and taking tunes which he has composed himself. The score is, of course, a *pasticcio*, and, as such, ranks very highly indeed.

Mr. Clarence Corri's music to Mr. Saunders's production of "Bluebeard" at the Coronet Theatre is pretty and ingenious—of course, dealing with many topical matters and set amusingly and with great liveliness. Mr. Corri strings his melodies together with the hand of an experienced musician, and the result is, for the kind of work which he takes in hand, quite satisfactory.

A very important element in Mr. Tree's new production, "The Darling of the Gods," is the incidental music composed by Mr. William Furst. Mr. Furst is very incipient in his appreciation of the musical art of the East, and his music is accordingly, and rightly, part of the unity which has been designed by the authors of the drama. There is nothing more curious than the different sense of scale conception. Mr. Furst has realised the Eastern idea very closely indeed. Eastern music has an unpractical knack of never leaving off at any definite point; in its lowest forms it is barbarically monotonous and, like the River Oxus in Sir Frank Burnand's parody of Burnaby's "Ride to Khiva," never seems to leave off flowing. In its higher form the Lamentations and curious Modes which are perpetuated in Plain Song, and in many of the traditional Jewish Chants, are the outcome of the same spirit; and it is this spirit which has been very successfully caught in the music under consideration.

Mr. Edward German is the subject of a very interesting biographical sketch in the New Year number of the *Musical Times*. Mr. German, who is only a little past his fortieth year, has built up a most enviable reputation. At the age of six he started a band, of which he was the band-master, and he had not emerged from his teens when he organised another band, which consisted of himself, his sister, a

curate, a photographer, a watchmaker, and a bricklayer. It was at the age of eighteen that music, as a profession, captured him finally, and in 1880 he entered the house of Mr. Walter Cecil Hay, later in the same year becoming a student at the Royal Academy of Music. Mr. Hay records, oddly enough, that he used to tell how that German would make a second Sullivan, a curious and significant prophecy, when one comes to think of the position which he later took, after Sullivan's death, in connection with the Savoy Theatre. Hard work of every musical kind followed, and in 1887 his first Symphony was performed. It was no wonder, moreover, that later he was able to catch the spirit of the Savoy so perfectly, inasmuch as he played second violin in "The Pirates," "Iolanthe," and "Princess Ida"—at two guineas a-week, with seven shillings extra for matinées! From thence he went to the Globe Theatre as Conductor. His incidental music to "Richard III." at that theatre marked a great step onwards in his career, which since that time is practically identified with the well-known things of musical history in this country. The completion of Sullivan's "Emerald Isle," the composition of "Merrie England" and of "The

Princess of Kensington," finish the tale of his operatic work at present. "His hobbies" (surely this sentence comes from the pen of Mr. F. G. Edwards), we are told, "are fishing and photography; applying these diversions to his music, we may say that he has adopted a line of his own, with results that are by no means of a negative nature."

The Incorporated Society of Musicians has been holding its meetings in Glasgow, and, as was fitting to that town, Dr. Daniel Wilson discussed Scottish Folk Music. There is nothing like a Scotchman for thoroughly believing in Scotch music; but Dr. Wilson, with every good will, was surely

a little hard when he declared that the Songs of Scotland were untouched by the hand of a professional musician, which was "conspicuous by its absence"; for at the same time the orator declared that "many Scotch songs took generations to mould to perfection."

How the perfection of song can ever be reached without the hand of the professional musician—and by "professional" one, of course, means an accomplished musician—does not seem at present very obvious; but one may agree very thoroughly with the Doctor when he refers to the "charming quaintness" of Scottish song. Perfect mould and charming quaintness, however, do not customarily hang together; it would not be usual, for example, to describe the Elgin Marbles as charmingly quaint, any more than it would be usual to use the same term of Gluck's "Alceste" or Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel." The most interesting point of the lecture, however, centred in the emphasis which was given to the influence of ecclesiastical modes over the national music of Scotland, with "a corresponding ambiguity of tonality."

National music seems to have occupied a good deal of the attention of recent theorists of the art of music; for here comes a report that a discovery has been made at Vienna of a number of "National-Welsh" Songs by Haydn. It is stated, further, that the songs are already in print. It would be delightful to know how Haydn, the Austrian, managed the composition of the National Music of Wales.

COMMON CHORD.



ARRIVAL OF MISS ADA CROSSLEY IN HOBART, TASMANIA.

Photograph by A. Pedder.



*Flimsy Licences—Restricted Circulation—The Cold Snap—Testing for Side-slip—Mr. J. E. Hutton.*

THE County and Borough Councils have taken but little thought for the convenience of automobilists; who are required to carry their driver's licence upon them and produce it whenever a policeman calls upon them so to do. It might have been thought that these permits would have taken the shape of a card season-ticket, made stiff and strong enough to stand wear, and small enough to be easily and safely bestowed in one's pocket-case. Take the Surrey County Council's driver's licence, for example. This is printed on flimsy paper 1 ft. 1¼ in. long by 7½ in. wide, and by the renewal-forms at the foot thereof is supposed to last for three years. What the fly-sheet—for this it is, having been torn from a counterfoil—will look like after it has been pulled out half-a-dozen times in wind and weather, in response to the demands of officious policemen, can be easier imagined than described. The only remedy is to have some sort of case made for it and to carry it always on one's car, although, should one be unexpectedly asked to drive a car experimentally, the possibility of infraction of a clause of the most absurd measure a Government has ever passed will stare one in the face.

All and sundry, the Parish, Rural, Urban District, and County Councils forming the hydra-headed local administration under which we welter in this country, who, in the throes of their virulent motor-phobism, have buoyed themselves with the welcome notion that ten-mile limits and barred roads could be imposed just anywhere and everywhere they might think fit, must feel themselves brought up with a round turn when the reply of the Local Government Board to the Automobile Club on the subject of restricted circulation is brought before them. The terms of this communication would seem to prove that the Department has not failed to notice the evident desire to bar and ban shown by the local bodies, and have set out a somewhat laboured programme which must be followed by any rural body desirous of imposing restrictions. The local intention must be advertised in the local journals and in the *London Gazette*, and time will be given for the lodgment of objections with the Board. This will afford ample opportunity to the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, the various Automobile Clubs throughout the country, and automobilists generally, to keep watch and ward over and make a stern fight for their liberties.

If the cold snap obtaining as I write continues, I would remind car-owners who house their cars in cold, unsheltered coach-houses or sheds to bear in mind the damage which is almost certain to ensue if any part of the water-circulation system becomes frozen up. The most serious thing that can occur is the freezing of the water in the cylinder-jackets, for this is most likely to crack the cylinder-walls, and a new engine must result. Pipe connections and flanged-pipe radiators can be repaired, but unhappy is the lot of the car-owner who boasts a honeycomb or cellular radiator and gets this frozen up, for it is almost impossible to repair these after fracture, and the installation of a new radiator is an expensive item. Those who object to the trouble of emptying and re-filling their radiators and tanks should charge their water-systems with a mixture of one part acid-free glycerine and five parts water, when they may rest content.

The Automobile Club is very hard-up for a side-slipping site; that is to say, some stretches of asphalt, wood-pavement, and macadamised road which can be rendered particularly slithery and treacherous at will, for the efficient testing of the numerous anti-side-slipping devices which are to be submitted to the Club for award and report. In Paris, of course, certain stretches of the Municipal pavement would at once be allotted to the Automobile Club of France if that body desired to carry out such experiments, but we do these things otherwise in this country. Private stretches of asphalt or wood-pavement are hard to find, and, as wood is, perhaps, the most treacherous of all surfaces when covered with a light skin of mud, it is particularly necessary that such a trial-course should be available.

There is another Richmond in the field with regard to British representation in the Gordon-Bennett contest, now fixed for June 17 next on German soil. This is a 90 horse-power car, to be known as the "Hutton," now a-building—if, indeed, it is not entirely completed—by those renowned engineers, Messrs. Willans and Robinson, of Rugby. The car has been built and entered for the Elimination Trials by that well-known member of the Automobile Club, Mr. J. E. Hutton, of J. E. Hutton, Limited, who will assuredly drive the speed-mobile in the Preliminary Tests. Although hitherto unselected to drive for this country, he is acknowledged to be one of the most daring, albeit most skilful, speed-drivers we have.



LORD KITCHENER'S NEW TWENTY-FOUR HORSE-POWER CAR.

*Photograph by Whitlock, Birmingham.*

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

*Spring Entries—The Classics—New Men for Old—Jack Frost.*

THE entries for the majority of the Spring Handicaps will be published on Tuesday, and, despite the slump in blood-stock, I predict a good yield, as the open winter has helped the trainers in keeping their horses on the go. Indeed, several handicappers have already gone through a course of physic prior to being put to strong work. The Lincoln Handicap is bound to produce a big field, and Mr. Ord can be trusted to give us his usual puzzle. Last year's winner, Over Norton, is, I am told, looking and going very well in his work. He is evidently a strong horse and should not be neglected if he is entered. It is whispered that Mr. Sullivan will furnish a likely candidate for the first big handicap of the year, and I am told he has a most useful string of horses in training at Heddington. By-the-bye, Lord Rossmore must not be made a loser if entered for the Lincoln Handicap, as he was, it seems, the tell-tale in the case of

The Turf has lost some good patrons, but I am very glad to hear that the gaps are being gradually filled up, and things may right themselves in time. Mr. Raphael will, I believe, have a big string of horses under the charge of D. Waugh at Newmarket, while Mr. Heineman has a full stable of horses under Brewer's charge at Newmarket. Tom Jennings has a new patron in Lord Westbury, who is very likely to increase his stud later on; and I am glad to learn that Mr. Leonard Brassey will continue to race on the same scale as before, despite rumours to the contrary. It is whispered that the Duke of Richmond will, before long, have a few horses in training. As Lord March, he had a horse or two in training many years ago. The Duke is very fond of racing and is one of the most popular members of the Jockey Club. Mr. W. Bass is a great acquisition to the ranks of owners, and he is very likely to increase his holding later on. The



THE NORTH STAR SKI CLUB OF ST. PETERSBURG.

Hackler's Pride for the Cambridgeshire. I do hope that the Chester Cup will fill at the first time of asking and that good entries may be received for the Great Metropolitan, the City and Suburban, and the Jubilee Stakes.

The Newmarket men of observation are beginning to run down St. Amant, which, judging from past records, should be a bit in his favour for the Derby. I think he will prove to be the best of the English lot engaged and has only M. Blanc's selected to fear. I have heard that His Majesty the King may run St. Anselm, by St. Simon—Azeeza, in the race for the Blue Ribbon of the Turf. The colt has not yet appeared in public, but he is bred well enough for anything. I do not at present see what is to beat Sweeper for the Two Thousand Guineas. He is a big colt, by Ben Brush—Fairly Slipper, and is owned by Mr. J. R. Keene. Sweeper is trained by Blackwell, who showed us last year, through Rock Sand, that he knows what is wanted to win the Guineas. His Majesty has five horses in the race, and I do hope one of the lot will be good enough to make a show in the race. Pretty Polly is going on well in her work at Newmarket, and, so long as she remains sound, many of the good judges of racing consider the One Thousand, the Oaks, and the St. Leger to be a gift for her.

Earl of Sefton, like the Duke of Westminster, favours the sport under National Hunt Rules, but he is very likely to own some good flat performers presently.

Postponements are a terrible drawback to racing under National Hunt Rules, and, until we introduce a series of tan-tracks, these are inevitable. However, I think meetings are often prematurely abandoned for the simple reason that they have been heavily insured, and I propose that the public should be acquainted beforehand if a fixture has been insured. It is quite feasible that shareholders in gate-money meetings should protect themselves. On the other hand, some little consideration is due to the paying public, who should have something to do with the calling of the tune. Further, I maintain that no meeting should be postponed or abandoned until the race-track has been personally inspected the whole way round by two Stewards. Although my next proposition is not likely to find favour in official circles, I shall make it in all seriousness. It is that, in the case of abandonment, the cost of carriage of all horses on the spot should be paid by the promoters of the meeting. It stands to reason that the people who find the actors ought not to suffer through the abandonment of the play.

CAPTAIN COE.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, like everything else in this very sub-lunary little planet, have their advantages and drawbacks, their "Tobys or not Tobys," as Mrs. Partington was wont to say, and chief amongst the latter is the unwritten law that they have, by courtesy, to be returned. The custom of gift-giving has spread itself

a *démodé* silk petticoat going literally a-begging at the price. What a good hunting morning is to the sportswoman, the January sales are to her more prosaic compatriot in town: the battle and the bargain are equally to the strong and the brush to the boldest!

Talking of sales, that of Peter Robinson is actually the sensation of the Circus just at present. Everything has been so substantially reduced that the Eternal Feminine has had wind of it and hurried from all points of the compass to avail herself of this ultra-extra-special and quite extraordinary opportunity. Having feasted their eyes and lightened their purses *ad lib*, hundreds may be seen triumphantly emerging from other jostling crowds with victory in their mien and parcels in perspective that contain the nucleus of a magnificent appearance at an insignificant outlay for months ahead. Getting down to actual items, we find theatre-coats, fur muffs of the new Granny shape, stoles, pelerines, and all kinds and sorts of furs and fur garments at obviously reduced prices. Evening-gowns are a feature also, "models" being marked down from their first exclusive figures to prices that should guarantee their speedy dispersal. Jaunty tailor-made walking-gowns are get-at-able at seventy shillings that once were more than double. These are lined with silk and tailored in the newest style. Of blouses a never-ending variety at "regardless of cost" prices, and of quite smart hats whole regiments. Blankets and quilts, which have such comforting possibilities in this weather, are seriously reduced, and in the Fancy Bazaar decorative Japanese draught-screens are amongst the bargains to be picked up cheaply.

It is the accepted belief of many women nowadays that at the theatres one sees a foretaste of fashion not yet vouchsafed by shops or



[Copyright.]

AN AQUASCUTUM COAT AT MESSRS. SCANTLEBURY AND COMMINS.

from weddings to birthdays, and even feast-days, and Christmas nowadays assumes quite an alarming aspect, in view of the fact that Lady Dumfunkus M'Gregor's pen-wiper imperatively demands the courtesy of an ink-bottle, or Mrs. Montmorence Jones's stamp-box the interchange of a photograph-frame. Of course, with one's family and more intimate friends the habit of gift-giving is both enjoyed and enjoyable; but when it extends to acquaintances the system has other aspects, and the *quid pro quo* entailed thereby becomes a *gêne* and a vexation of spirit at a very busy time of the year.

Just as nothing gives more genuine pleasure than the well-thought-out souvenir of valued friend or relation, so few things are less satisfactory than the perfunctory and useless trifle sent by someone with a probable social axe to grind. A friend of mine, rich in such "loving crowds" of casuals, adopted a capital plan of interchangeable amenities this year. She put aside on a separate table the unexpected *cadeaux* which severally demanded replies in kind, and despatched them "all to each other," as she expressed it, with, one hopes, the happiest results.

As the aftermath of Yuletide excitements, the sales now spread forth their blandishments to the responsive feminine constitution, and all sorts of "desperate bargains" appeal to one's willing purse-strings from every shop-window in every street. There is something about the legend "half-price" which stirs up all the innate acquisitiveness of lovely woman to immediate activity. Be she rich or poor, the fascinating word "bargain" is equally a potent open-sesame to her affections, and one can see the opulent dame of double chin and other prosperous points struggling gamely with her pecuniarily oppressed sister for the possession of a "marked-down" sunshade or



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING ARRANGEMENT OF VELVET AND LACE.

salons, and with this dominant idea a friend from remote Cumberland drove me into a Vaudeville matinée this week. Certainly "The Cherry Girl" abounds in delightful detail and some astonishingly pretty conceits in clothes. Ellaline Terriss should be painted by Mr. George Boughton just as she is. Her quaint Dutch cap and embroidered

bodice suit her piquant style to a miracle, and recall that artist's damsels of Old Holland in a manner most bewitching. Apropos, some of the new spring ornaments for hat and headgear generally are large gold and silver plaques and cones curiously reminiscent of the national Dutch head-dress, or rather, parts of it. They have been shown me on some of the new millinery and are astonishingly smart.

Another sale is in progress just now that should appeal to this house-proud generation—that of Norman and Stacey, the artistic

dainty little heart-shaped pendant with swinging pearl is another novelty, and one with a central pear-shaped ruby is a jewel amongst jewels. Combs in light tortoiseshell are a fashion; set with diamond rims, they make excellent cause in dark hair, while composition combs set with coloured stones are fashionable too—and an importation from America—but I like them less.

Bargains in tailor-made gowns and coats are distinctly acceptable, all the more when their style and cut denotes the cachet of a first-rate house. The opportunity offered by a sale at Fisher's, the well-known tailors of Regent Street, is therefore one that will be eagerly availed of by those who understand what dressing well means. Not alone gowns, cloaks, and coats, but beautiful and costly furs are included as well in the sale now proceeding, some sable stoles being reduced ten and even twenty guineas from their original figures. Model gowns trimmed with splendid furs or embroideries are shown at tempting prices, and women who want really good garments of unimpeachable outline and material will find this quite an epoch in opportunities.

Nowadays, the question of a motor-coat cannot be lightly dismissed. There are so many qualifications necessary in the ideal coat that few manufacturers seem to have combined all the varied points of excellence which such a garment should possess. One is glad, however, to be able to draw the reader's attention to a coat illustrated on the preceding page which goes under the suggestive title of the "Aquascutum." It is made by "Aquascutum, Limited," the well-known Regent Street firm. This coat has many imitators on the market, but, as this particular brand is registered, there should be no danger of confounding it with other coats made by firms bearing a similar name. For half-a-century "Aquascutum, Limited," have been specialists in this and kindred branches of outfit, and it is not a matter of surprise that they have been able to keep abreast with all the latest improvements in waterproof materials and garments. The "Aquascutum" is, indeed, a triumph of its kind, and it is as serviceable as it is elegant. Although it is absolutely waterproof, it is also perfectly porous. The importance of this from a hygienic point of view cannot be overestimated.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MALAGA.—There are a dozen hotels to choose from, all more or less good. It is generally safe to choose the largest, if expense is no object, but you would easily find out by making a few inquiries before going on.

FRILLS (Clarges Street).—(1) There are lots of ideas for fancy frocks to be obtained by seeing a good ballet. Try the Empire or Alhambra. (2) I think it is in Old Bond Street.

DAMOZEL (Chatham).—You will get charming chintzes at Hamptons' sale, which is on this month also. Why not get the screen there too?

DRAGON-FLY (Cheshire).—I cannot imagine how so obviously unpractical a suggestion could recommend itself. If you have only three hundred pounds to expend on the bungalow, how can you afford fifty pounds for your bedroom suite? The rest of the house would have to be bamboo and brown paper. Ask Norman and Stacey for one of their eight-room estimates. That will be a guide. They are so carefully thought out.

SYBIL.

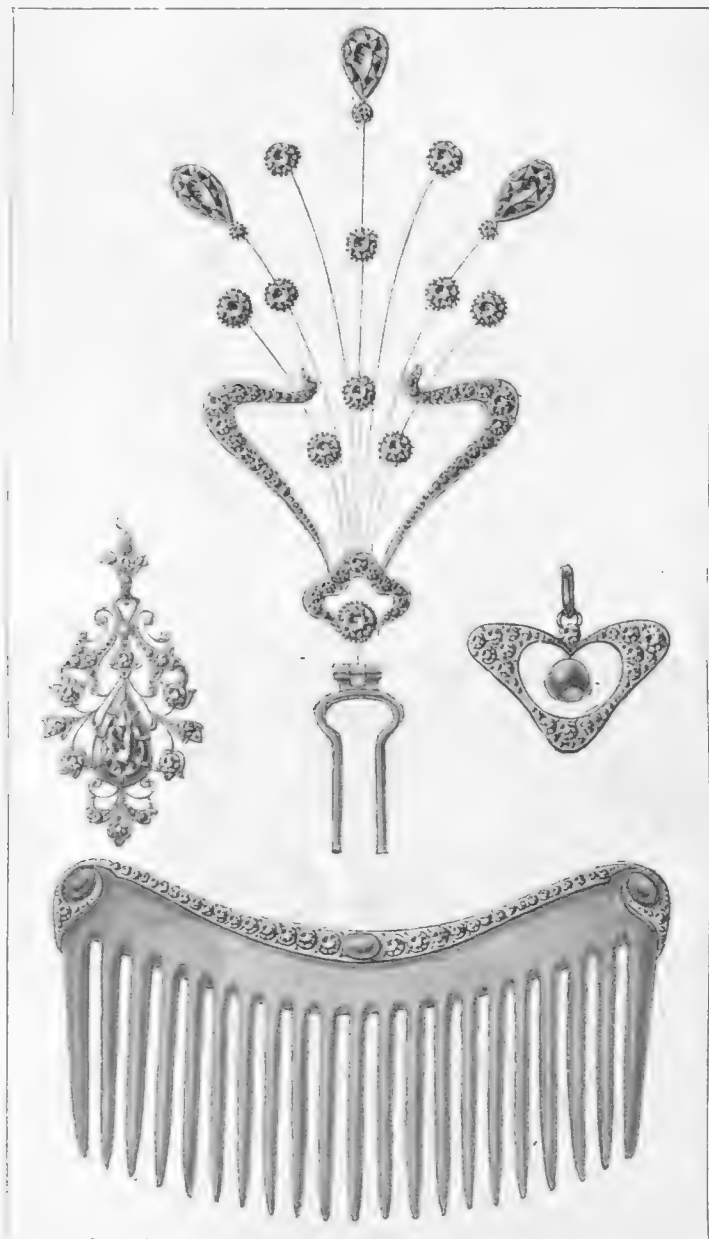
#### CANNES REGATTA AND GYMKHANA.

The Automobile Club of Cannes is organising for March 11 a grand fête which will include a paper-chase, a gymkhana, and a Battle of Flowers. The Cannes Yachting Union will follow with an international regatta, in which there will be a novelty, a race for motor-driven boats, which will be held on March 16. Among the prizes are the Czarevitch's Cup, the de Clercq Cup, the Villa Marguerite Prize, the Gibert Prize, the Hore Cup, the Ogden Goelet Cup, the Lerina Prize, the de Briailles Prize, the de Pourtales Cup, the Aclocque Cup, and the Monte Carlo Grand Prize. Yachtsmen now know what attractions are offered to them for the regatta, which promises to be one of the most successful ever held on the Riviera.

A very fine example of the silver-smith's art has just been designed and modelled by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of Oxford Street. It takes the form of a sterling silver centrepiece and was made for presentation to the Officers' Mess of the 4th Battalion Cheshire Regiment, by the officers who served with the Battalion during the South African War. The names of the latter are engraved on either end of the pedestal, surmounted by figures representing an officer and non-commissioned officer respectively in khaki uniform.



CENTREPIECE FOR THE 4TH BATTALION  
CHESHIRE REGIMENT.



NOVELTIES AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

furnishers of Tottenham Court Road, Oxford Street end. All their varied stock of genuine antiques, collected from all parts, have been put to recognisably low prices. The same may be said of a vast assemblage of high-class modern house-plenishings. There are handsome bedroom suites, for example, going comparatively a-begging, and carpets rich in hues and texture to be bought for little more than the proverbial song! As the sale only lasts one week, many will doubtless hurry to avail themselves of its unusual advantages. The good taste which characterises all this firm's work is very evident in the admirable disposal of their windows, which avoid the usual crowding effect, and in this resemble the Paris shop-fronts, which centralise and focus the attention instead of confusing it. It is interesting to know that Norman and Stacey employ artists to arrange their window effects.

The subject of house-furnishing and decorative environment is one much studied in the hotel as well as the house of the present day, and did one want an object-lesson in contrasts between new and old, the Frederick Hotels, and of them more particularly the Great Central, would furnish it forth. A booklet just issued, which describes and illustrates the chief points inside and out of this stately pile, has a flavour of "Arabian Night" magnificence about it. Ball-rooms, large or small, dining-rooms for banqueting a thousand or feeding a familiar few, a specially retained orchestra, a perfect heating system, a retinue of chefs and *cordons bleus*. Every luxury, in fact, which the merely human man and woman can require is supplied to those lucky people who make the Great Central their headquarters.

Aigrettes are still frantically fashionable; and one of the most beguiling patterns in emerald and diamond is illustrated with other specialities of the Parisian Diamond Company on this page. A

THE ART OF MAKING-UP:

ILLUSTRATED BY MR. AKERMAN MAY, OF DALY'S THEATRE.



A JUDGE.



A SAILOR.



A SOLDIER.



A BOOKMAKER.



IN PRIVATE LIFE.



A PRIZE-FIGHTER.



A PARSON.



A JANITOR.



THIRTY YEARS HENCE.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.



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Soothes the Skin.

A Good Hairwash.

A Luxury in the Bath.

A Pure Preparation.

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For the Bath.

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For Shampooing.

For Lace & Hosiery.

For Flannels & Woollens.

## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 12.*

## HOME RAILWAY PROSPECTS.

**F**ORTUNATE indeed was it for the Home Railway Companies that the weather at Christmas-time turned out to be unseasonable. The mildness then prevailing tempted an increased volume of traffic that came in most usefully to swell the receipts at the end of the year. Handsome results for the last week in 1903 can hardly be expected, perhaps, in view of the rigorous cold that set in, but there may be an additional lot of sweepings, in view of the various economies practised by the principal Railway Companies. Dividend estimates in the House go for "even," on an average, for the final half of 1903: that is to say, the market looks for about the same results as those of a year ago, and, accordingly, the quotations are being little affected by the guesses that are put forward. It is tolerably certain, however, that the mere fact of the prices being "full of dividend" would exercise a stimulating effect upon the market, were it not for the influences from outside which contribute to the continuance of public restraint. Politics rather than traffics or dividends are the principal factor in the situation, but it is just as well to remember that, whatever happens in the Far East, the events have a temporary influence only.

War or peace, the English Home Railways will continue to run their trains and handle their traffic just the same, although the prices of stocks may decline in sympathy with other investments. Time, great healer of all wounds, will duly repair at least part of the ravages that he made in Home Railway prices during 1903, and no hesitation need be felt in buying good stocks now in the sure and certain hope of their ultimate appreciation.

## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

## The Stock Exchange.

Twelfth Night! And what shall we find in our markets to-morrow? One likes that old Italian legend about the Good Fairy who on every Sixth of January watches for the Magi whom she missed seeing nineteen hundred years ago, and who fills up the children's stockings, Santa Claus-wise, while she keeps her vigil. Would that she, or some other beneficent being, might pay a visit to the London Stock Exchange, and pour down a steady torrent of orders from one's best clients for—let us not be greedy—say the next eight or ten weeks. It would be a pleasant opening, at all events, and give the wishes for "A Prosperous New Year" a respectable start. Which wishes, dear my readers, allow me, with hand on heart, most cordially to offer to yourselves. 'Tis better late than never.

I hope it may never be your hard fate to write for an illustrated weekly. This statement is not inspired by any fear that you may apply to the City Editor of *The Sketch* with the offer of a Stock Exchange letter *per mensem* that shall take all the wind out of the sails of my frail barque (Who said "Bark"?), but simply by the desire to save you from the difficulties attendant upon writing four days in advance of publication. No doubt, you will have observed (with your usual keen intelligence) that these City pages are always dated the Saturday before the Wednesday when the greatly expected makes its weekly appearance: a hint that it is impossible to bring the City news in the paper right up to date. Take my own case. I could write columns of arguments about what may be expected to happen if Japan and Russia go to war, or what will occur if they don't, but perhaps the whole question may be settled—temporarily, anyway—in the time between the day on which these proofs are corrected and the hour when you receive the finished article. Consequently, I have to glissade over the Far East, and keep on the severely uninteresting ground on which I am fairly secure. Don't you call that hard Cheddar?

Were it not for the Gargantuan glut of gilt-edged stocks in the markets, one might really hope for the better times that attend upon better prices. Needless to say, as the journalists remark when they feel called upon to commit a platitude, we must have rising prices before improved business can be expected. Who wants to buy when everything is dull? Echo answers, "Who?" But let the markets be stirred up with the long pole of cheerier quotations and the promised revival will be on its way. Manifestly the public are not to get 3½ per cent. upon the money they have on deposit at the banks, and now that the chance of a 5 per cent. Bank Rate has become more illusory with the turn of the year, no doubt some of the cash that is earning only 2½ per cent. at the banks will be diverted towards the Stock Exchange, where 4 per cent. investments abound. The favourite Home Railway stock now being tipped by the newspapers is Great Western Ordinary, the price of which certainly looks unreasonably low. The Company is not expected to appeal for more money

yet awhile, and its management shows signs of rivalling that of the North-Eastern for enterprise and energy. It is becoming more evident, however, with every half-year that people are not satisfied with a Home Railway stock paying less than 4 per cent. on the money, which requirement the Great Western Ordinary fulfils at the present time.

Of all the markets round the Stock Exchange, the Grand Trunk is one of the most puzzling. To the dealers themselves the figures are admittedly perplexing, and stockholders whom I know confess that they are altogether baffled by the returns. The weekly traffics have grown to be entirely misleading, and it seems a great pity that some new form of return cannot be devised which shall give at least a hint of the probable ratio of expenses. In the past, one has been able to take up the cudgels in defence of the Grand Trunk board of directors for their consistently conservative methods of finance, in starving dividends instead of the line, but, considering the amount of money that has been spent within the last year or two upon equipment and upkeep, the Grand Trunk proprietors do appear to have a fair cause of complaint at the monotonous way in which the monthly statements show results out of all proportion to the weekly traffic-returns. Trunk Thirds are now actually lower than they were this time last year, although it may be taken for a practical certainty that the dividend will be higher—probably to the extent of ½ per cent., making 1½ per cent. for the year against the 1 per cent. for 1902. The Ordinary stock also is lower, but, curiously enough, the First and Second Preferences are better. I am thinking that Trunk Thirds should make a good speculative purchase just now, to sell before the dividend declaration comes round if a couple of points' profit should accrue.

Harking back to the subject of children and presents, clients have every excuse for putting pressure upon those brokers who have not sent them an acknowledgment of the season, to supply them with a copy of "The House Annual." Most people ought to know by this time that the book is produced by Mr. W. A. Morgan in aid of the *Referee* Children's Dinner Fund, and how well he has been seconded by the House in his indefatigable efforts on behalf of the poorest bairns can be seen by the fact that he has already made nearly £300 profit for the Fund. After such a year as 1903, this is a fine achievement, but there remain plenty of books on hand, and, as I before suggested, clients should emphatically hint at their longing to possess such a truly Stock Exchange souvenir. I understand that my City Editor, flinty-hearted though he be, has arranged for the reproduction this week of one of the most pathetic pictures in the book. Which proves that a spark of humanity may lurk even in the most unexpected places.

Much needless harm and anxiety was caused by the delay in the announcement of the dividend upon British Westinghouse Preferences, and the loss of credit to the shares has not yet been recovered, nor, so far as can be seen, is it likely to be for some considerable time to come. The moral ought to be taken to heart by all Joint Stock Companies, particularly those in the Miscellaneous Market. It is unsafe to rely upon the possible forgetfulness of shareholders as to the exact date at which either a dividend or report is due: such things are carved into people's memories very clearly, especially in days like these, when money is none too plentiful and dividends have an all-too-prevalent tendency to decline. Such delay is invariably taken by the market as an evidence of something having gone wrong, and a scare is easily started. I wouldn't like to advise investors to buy Westinghouse Preference now, although insiders assure me that the Company is filled-up with orders for years ahead. Business such as these concerns undertake requires an immense amount of working capital to enable contracts to be accepted for which payment will not be made until a large amount of the work is completed, and, unless Preference shares are cumulative—which Westinghouse Preference are not—the loss of at least half-a-year's interest must always be possible.

Very soon now the Trustees and Managers of the Stock Exchange will be discussing subscriptions and entrance-fees for 1904-5, and it is to be devoutly hoped that the threatened new barriers for making membership more difficult to House-clerks will be tabooed. What is badly wanted, however, is a stricter examination into the financial standing of the candidate for House orders. The present system of practically relying upon a certificate of the candidate's stability that is given by the sureties cannot be said to come anywhere near the ideal of what ought to be, having regard to the immense amount of responsibility that membership may be made to involve. Within a single fortnight a gambler is able to work enormous damage if things go against him, and, in justice to their fellow-members, the Managers ought surely to have a scheme safeguarding more effectually the claims of those members to reasonable protection from rash and ill-provided gamblers. If they were to devote a little serious attention to this part of their duties at the important meetings of the early New Year, they would benefit the public, the reputation of the Stock Exchange, and everyone in that House whose least member is your devoted servant,

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

## FOREIGN BONDS.

In company with the rest of the Stock Exchange, the market in Foreign Bonds, other than Japanese and Russian, is hanging upon the same causes that govern other things. Argentine descriptions have fallen beneath the general ban, and Brazilian bonds feel the predominant influence. How long this state of affairs can last, and



[DRAWN BY GUNNING KING.]

## DINNER FUND VISION.

Reproduced from "The House Annual, 1903-4." (Gale and Polden.)

in what immediate direction it is likely to turn, are the problems set for solution to everybody, and we should not care to risk an advance prophecy. But, looking beyond the present range of the perspective, the situation gives no cause for alarm. Allowing a certain grain of salt for over-publication of optimistic details by those concerned in the prosperity of the Argentine Republic, we may, nevertheless, underline our previously stated conviction, that the country's bonds are well worth holding, and that prices will go better by degrees. With Brazilian issues a less confident tone must be adopted, yet the strong Continental demand that has taken Argentines to the existing prices may easily spread to the Brazilian list, where the yields are tempting and the nation's credit is on the rise. For Mexicans a good word must also be said, since the development of the country is being actively exploited by the Yankees, and there is a prospect of a solution of the currency difficulty. The other great silver-using country, China, is too much bound up with the politics of Russia and Japan for her bonds to be more than speculations for a long time yet, and with the movements of those two nations the market in Chinese issues is directly concerned.

#### KAFFIRS IN THE NEW YEAR.

This time a year ago the Kaffir Circus pulsed with hopes of a brilliant twelvemonth for its prices and business. A more complete disappointment has seldom fallen upon any market. Owing to the labour scarcity, mines are still pitifully short-handed, agriculture is brought to the verge of standstill, commerce of all kinds marks time. So far as the labour problem goes, we are certainly a little "forrader" than a year back, a radical change having come over the general opinion that bitterly opposed the introduction of aliens. It is now hoped, in view of the passage of Sir George Farrar's motion through the Legislative Council, that the pigtail may soon be a familiar sight in the environs of Johannesburg. The market, somewhat naturally, refuses to take too bullish a line, after its repeated disappointments, and still hangs back with hesitant caution, waiting rather to see what the next step may be, as well as for more definite information of what such an experiment will cost initially, and ultimately save to the mines. The bears remain numerous and hardy; the bulls continue their attitude of restraint in regard to opening new commitments, but, to our mind, it is better to be a bull than a bear at the present juncture.

#### TWO USEFUL BOOKS.

We have received from Messrs. Effingham Wilson, of the Royal Exchange, "Mathieson's Handbook for Investors" for 1904, and the "Mining Highest and Lowest." The first of these books, sold at 2s. 6d., may be said to be an absolute necessity to all who desire to know something about the securities in which their money is invested, and, while of small size, contains the highest and lowest prices, and the dividends paid by over two thousand investments during the last ten years. As far as we know, the information cannot be obtained in any other single publication, and, as the stocks and shares are alphabetically arranged in classes, the finding of what you want is an easy and simple matter.

The "Mining Highest and Lowest" (price 1s.) should certainly be in the hands of every one of that large class of persons who love a dabble in mines. It is constructed on the same plan as the Handbook, and deals with the price of every active Mining share for the last six years, giving also the capital of each Company, the area of its property, and the date of its foundation.

Saturday, Jan. 2, 1904.

#### FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 108, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a non-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no non-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. W. F.—We think you would do well to follow the advice in our Johannesburg letter and buy something where the developments have proved more satisfactory.

ANCHOR.—The Shipping shares are speculative, and not the sort of quiet investment you appear to want from the tone of your letter.

ABE.—See remarks on Waterworks stock in our issue of Dec. 30.

HABITANT.—(1) It is a pure gamble. We have little faith in this or any other Jungle share. (2) The mine is a patchy, treacherous affair, against which we have often warned readers. We do not like the directorate.

#### FINE-ART PLATES.



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